

THE BELIDES

OR { Eulogie and
Elegie,

Of that truly Honourable

J O H N

L O R D *Harrington*, Baron of *Exton*,
who was elevated hence the 27th of

FEBR. 1613. wanting then two
Moneths of 22. yeares old.

By G. T.

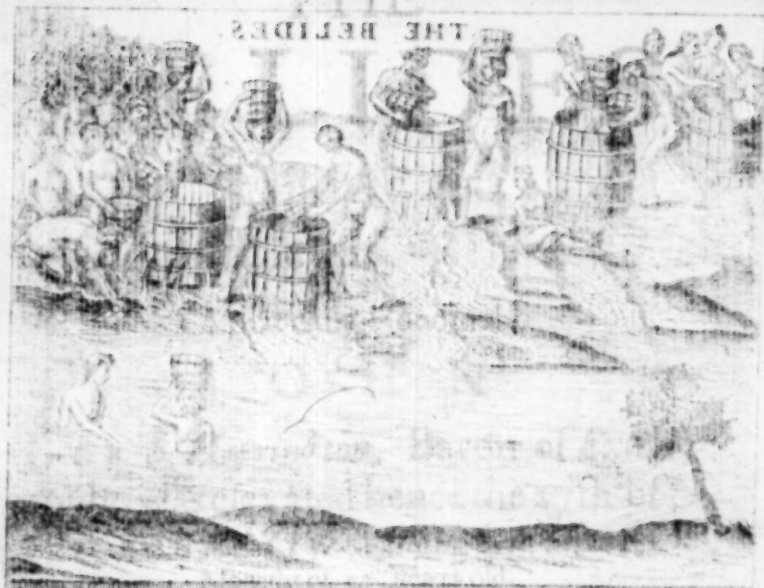
Mal fait, qui ne par fait.



London Printed 1647.

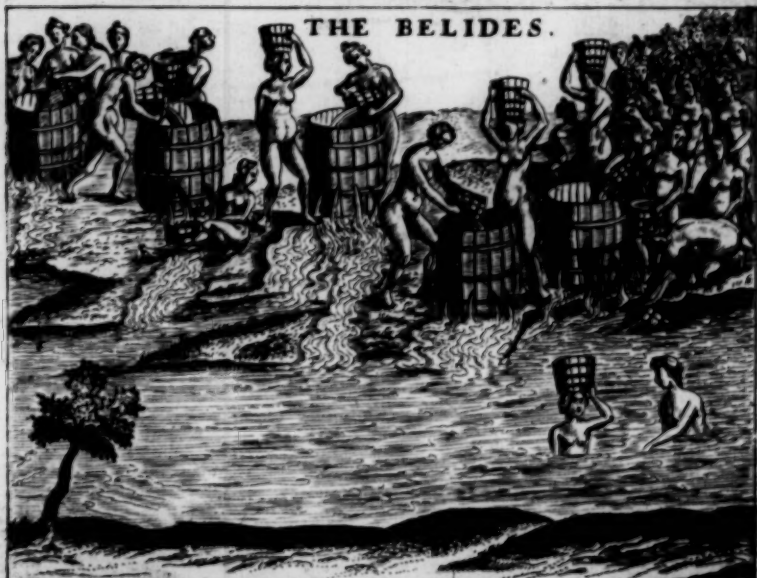
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THE BELIDES

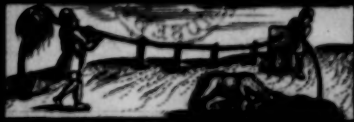


There is nothing better for man,
 Our master, to his position, but we must
 be content with the things that are
 with nothing else for future, for the future
 for present, and for the future
 There is nothing better for man,
 Our master, to his position, but we must
 be content with the things that are
 with nothing else for future, for the future
 for present, and for the future





*Since an untutor'd Beliel, does invade
 Our manners, rights, positions; has soe made
 A barbarous Medly, blending right wth wronge.
 Nick-naming Vice for Virtue, Poysons Stronge
 For precious Amulets; and each one now
 Player the deafe Adder, stiffer is to bow
 Then any iron sinew; since in Vaine
 Are all instructions, leaking out againe
 As fast as fill'd: 'tis appolite, that these
 Ensuing, should be call'd the Belides.*



THE BELIDES

OR { Eulogie and
{ Elegie,

Of that truly Honourable

J O H N

L O R D *Harrington*, Baron of *Exton*,
who was elevated hence the 27th of

FEBR. 1613. wanting then two
Moneths of 22. yeares old.

By G. T.

Mal fait, qui ne par fait.



London Printed 1647.



London Printed 1617.



TO
The Right Honourable
My very good LORD,
WILLIAM

EARLE of SALISBURIE,
One of the LORDS of His Majesties
most Honourable Privie Councell,
and Knight of the most Noble order of
the GARTER.



Either (Right Honourable) are these borne out of time; for (as *Solomon* saies,) *The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot*: and here is this Scripture verified in your
A₃ eyes.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

eyes. Here are good men celebrated, their vertues powred out to participation; or, if this indeed has been no first, let it have acceptance yet as the latter raine: for so to pious remonstrances, there appertaines inculcation; and the *Penpateuch* of *Moses*, has, after an *Exodus*, a *Deuteronomium*, a *Lex repetita*. These, I say, issue not unseasonably; for thus have I found a way to correct and redeem some scattered imperfect Copies, and cleare my debt towards him, with whom I was long conversant, at the same hearth, the same boord, and in the same bedde. Thus a meanes of acknowledging my dependency, with your Lordships manifold extraordinary favours: and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and thus by reprehending some others, have I (for the time to come) layd a forcible tie upon my owne behaviour. After which account given for the publishing, and Dedication, I rest,

Your Lordships most

humble Servant,

George Tooke.

The Fifth Century

and thus by a series of
events, which I cannot
come (by a series of
events) to explain. After
a series of events, which
I cannot explain, I feel
that I am obliged to

humble myself

George Town



THE
BELIDES,
OR
EVLGIE
And ELEGIE,

Of that truly Honourable
JOHN LORD Harrington,
 Baron of *EXTON*, who was elated
 hence the 27. of *Feb.* 1613. wanting then
 two moneths of 22. yeares old.

THe Noble Father had but lately run
 His happy race, when set was eke the Son :
 The son, a Sun of beauty, light and heat,
 Without ecclipse; a Sun that shines though set.
 The liberall Arts that for his *Daphne* held,
 And Laureat Valued was, a Son so sold,

B

That

The Belides.

That in his beames nor wanton flye, nor moat
 Might dally; such a Sun as could not doat
 Vpon a ruffling *Phaeton*: or leave
 His kindly warm'th, combustion to receive
 With any furious Dog-star. If to vary
 The Metaphor, more efficacy carry;
 I'll else compare him to the *Plane* of old,
 That *Xerxes* hung with Rings, and chains of Gold.
 Call him a tree that never did betray
 His Armes, to night-Raven, Kite, or bird of prey.
 I'll say he was a fruitfull faire and good,
 As any other plant within the Wood:
 And this inscription to his Tombe advise,
 He happy grew, fell happy, happy lys.

THE

THE
BELIDES,

Or second Eulogie, and Elegie of the same.

LO Reader, as thou sometime doest behold,
Sol like a (a) *Besant* of the brightest gold,
Vpon an Easter-morne himselfe advancing;
And with a sacred joy affected, dancing
O're Forrest tops, and on the browes of hills;
So rose this *Loane*. And as the Sun fulfills,
Like a girt Gyant his appointed race;
So with an able undiverted pace,
Perform'd his Pilgrimage: No fond delayes
Could slacke his fayle, and bring him on the stays;
No rubs of either envie, hate, or feare,
Could check his speed; but with a full carriere
He still bore up, and now enjoyes the prize,
That wipes away all sorrowes from all eyes.

He did not after the familiar fashion,
Present his *God* some withered leane oblation
Of sixty Winters; offer'd him no lame,
No sick, no motly sacrifice: But came
With his first born his youth, and then with Arts,
Wealth, honour, all his powers, all his parts,
Devoting

* An ancient
gold Coine,
stamped first
at Bizantium:
the Kings of
England offer
these of fifteen
pounds value
at great Festi-
vals *Camd.*
Rem. 162.

A lake in Armenia.

Devoting them; and hallow'd every day,
 Made it a pious Altar. O but say
 Thou faire exemplar, tell me happy soule;
 How couldst thou so like oyle, unblended roule
 Among our terrene puddles? How converse
 With manners so corrupt, and dayly worse,
 Yet unpolluted & (thus they say the cleere
 The light-foot *Tigris* also runnes entire
 Through *Arctissa*, like a silver wand
 Dimidiats it, without or being found
 To mingle fish, or water,) Speak, O speak,
 Did not the world resist? The flesh turn weak?
 Did it not buffet thee with youthfull heat?
 What met'st thou with at Court? no leproustean?
 In City likewise many a rotten flye,
 Can even the richest oymntment putrisie.
 Or wert thou ne're convey'd thou happy spirit,
 Vp to the Pinacle of thine owne merit,
 And tempted there? But hell is still confin'd (wind,
 Where heaven approves, and smoak it rain, blow
 Let fouds conspire, yet the regenerate dwells
 Vpon a Rock, that all their spleen repells.
 As an embowde a learned arch, when prest
 With greatest waight unites his curious crest,
 Rending a firmer strength: so-gives temptation
 An edge to zeale; not other operation
 Had in this cautious Lord then sacred rage,
 And zeale no doubt redoubled.—
 Haplesse age,
 How hast thou here thy noblest jewells lost,
 And such a confluence of Arts, as cost
 Innumerable oyle? they joyntly met of old,

The Belides.

5

In that (a) *Pandora*, which the Poets hold
So Paragon a peece, were congregate
After in (b) *Pyrrhus* ring; and now of late
By *Harringtons* pursuit, as resident
Also with him, but nothing could prevent
The peremptory blow. Disastrous time,
and of a ruthlesse hand, how is our prime
Exemplar taken from us? Turne, ô turne
Thy fatall sithe upon the eumbrous ferne,
The barren heath, let (a) *Edons* thistle thus
Be rather mowen, or else to *Caucasus*
Among the veneficious herbes, remove
Thy furious brand ———

a *Quasi omnium rerum genere dotata.*
b The 9. Muses were expressed in the stone of ire

a The Wife of *Atreus*, turned into a Linnet, or Thistle-Finch.

He was our dearest love
The generall darling, such a wight as shone
I say, not with exterior pretious stone,
With Diamonds, and Saphirs; these alas
Of the most caracts, are but curious glasse,
Nor doe their bracing sparkles serve to read
The darksome night away, or in it thred
Vigiliaes thirsty Needle; no, be gone
Ye casuall Doe-littles, our *Harrington*
Was grandly gifted with a serious sort
Of radiant principles; the Crowne, the part,
Could not be taken from him: and as far
Out-did, and darkend each competitor,
As *Titan* does the poore *Arctophilax*.
One so sincere, and of so little Wax
Among his hony, we may roundly gather,
If but his precious thred of life, had rather
Extensively bin lengthen'd, loe the Court
How snugly sleeping in a various sort
Of trespasses and sins, being awak'd,

The Belides.

c A City of
Bythynia, so
named a splen-
dore.

By his example, nay divinely deck't
With light and luster; even the City hence
Accended also, had in reference
To her conspicuous properties, bin writ
With *London* (c) *Lampascus*; but nothing might
Defer his heavie knell. —

Forlaken age,

What circumstance of griefe, or surpluse,
Importunate enough for such an urne,
So duly deprecated? dost thou mourne
When foolish *Tulips* dye, and such as strive
Like Beeches, but of skin and leafe to thrive?
Such as examin'd, yeeld but mast, for *Swine*
And *Squirrels* only fit? dost thou confine
Thy selfe to black, and oft, I say, for these?
How mayst thou then with fouds of tears, nay seas
Bewayle this losse? how justly mayst thou call
Thy severall creatures, and enjoyne them all
Immesur'd lamentation; bid the night
Extend her length, the day not come in sight
But water-loaden; Hang each Dorick Bell
With numerous tongues, and a continued knell.
On every tongue; Command the beasts to roare,
And each sad noyse be multiply'd a score,
By the neare echo's? For his death, I say,
As it decryes, and does so much decay
The generall blisse; 'tis fitting to reviv
Old *Hadadrimmons* woe, or rather grieve,
Beyond a president. Why we may read
That ten of these, ten righteous might have freed
A very *Sodome*; when if taken hence,
Nor standing in the gap, what consequence

But

But sicknesse fretting out our strength, or death,
Epha's from *Homers*, but an Iron earth;
And God has also store of *Palmer-wormes*,
And clouds of locusts. Or else forraine armes
Shall ravage us, heaven rally with our foes,
Making their barbed horses at a lose
As swift as *Eagles*. Nay, (to passe by these,)
Th'eldest are even those (a) *Cariatides*.
And vigorous (b) *Tellamons*, that shoulder up
The frame of time, and their conspicuous troupe,
Their generall list once ready for the barme,
Time is no longer: therefore mourne ô mourne,
Thou desolated age; and now behold,
Me thinks the hollow clouds already roll'd
Like a beslobber'd Turbant round about
Thy passionate brow; and now they lavish out
Innumerable teares.

a Images of
Women used
for supporters
in buildings.
b The like
Images of
men.

Yet herewithall reflect
And lay thy griefe so right, that it detract
Not ought from *Harrington*, or seeme decreed
For what becomes of him. 'Tis true indeed,
That death is to the course the carnall man,
A dismall vision; irefull, cold, and wan,
A ghastly shape in chaines of darknesse ty'de,
And hung with poysonous damps: but was a bride,
A morning star to him; and came as drest
With precious sequells as the gladsome feast
Of conscience argue might. The worldling cries,
O whither am I summon'd? why these eyes
And all the Ports about me rotting up,
Must now be loathsome jelley, stench, and roap
With

a The Weefl.

b Of old
Hecta.

c Hercrofove
Ætna.

d A flyc bred
and living in
the fire.

With putrid wormes; nay since the charnall-house
Cryes Give and still for more, some flindermouse,
Or base (a) *Galanthis*, or the rats may reigne
At length within this scull. And then againe
My dearest soule what shall become of thee?
And whither must thou now distracted be
To frivolous atoms, and so lost among
The wandring windes? or shuffled else ere long,
Into some beast of burthen, or of prey?
Some drugging Asse, or cruell Tyger? nay,
(Still frightening more) our Papalins will tell
Of sulphurous (b) *Heclefort*, of (c) *Mongibell*.
And other such, where many a peccant soule
(c) *Piraustra*-like, does flutter, flye, and crawle,
And frie in rigorous fire; or yeelding these
Even all exploded, hell it selfe will seize
And justly swallow thee; woe worth the day
In which I was conceiv'd. Loe thus I say,
The carnall man ends like a butcher'd swine,
And full of noyse; when faith is so divine,
So clungly anker-holds, and fastens hope,
As even Addoulces Death, with all his troope
His Regiment of terrors; sin alone
Gives him a Dart, a sting, else has he none;
By sinne is Death arm'd like a Iudge severe,
With rods and axer, else that welcome were,
As when the loaden sky with moysture fills
An upland meddow; Tis not death that kills,
But deadly sinne; A Saint may like a Swan
Sing out his last breath; the regenerate man,
Even in a Lions teeth departs in peace,

And

The Belides.

29

And shall we then bewayle this Lords decease,
As one we have not hope of? O when I
Must pay the ~~death~~ of nature eke and dye, ~~de~~
Be my last end his: let me close my race,
And fall like an impleat Rose-water-glasse,
That breaks with a perfume. —

His practice here
Was not (as is imply'd before) at deare,
And lamentable values, to possesse
A late experience; 'twas not up to dresse
Æthiop's in Pearle and Purple; to proclaime
Oppression justice, impudence to name
Assurance; or be tether'd in the looks
Of *Dalilah* or *Dinah*: these are books
Exteriorly how gilt, how neatly bound,
Yet loose and guilty. 'Twas not being gown'd,
And full of reverend Badges, to sell out
Yet by retayle, what office late he bought
By whole-sale; nor was it to put away
The Mistresse for the hand-maid; to betray
His calling to his sports; (and now what store
Of Gentry have we, not intending more
Here upon earth, then the *Leviathan*
Affects at Sea, and lavishly therein
To take their pastime?) Last of all, 'twas not
With ~~wick~~ wicked worlding casting in his lot,
To feed impertinent Apes, luxurious swine,
Or fawning Dotterels, that each designe
Of greatnesse sooth and second will, aye me!
How have I seen a sweet Rose-mary-tree,
Drop'd with his Wood-seer; water-Lillies known,
While flourishing in Rivers high and grown,

C

Hung

The Belides.

Hung with these Cod-worms, that if drought exhale
 The moysture once will boggle off, and fall
 From whatso-ere to curry with the streame,
 But none of these, no such opprobrious beame
 Was in this Barons eye; and where indeed
 A *Dathan*, or a *Dives* may be say'd
 To dye, and dye the death; our *Harrington*
 But onely fell asleep, but rests upon
 His bed in safety; then, I say, direct
 Thy blubber'd eyes so right, they but respect
 Thine own distressednesse; complaining not,
 Nay nor somuch as squinting once, at what
 May become of him; to weep a rill,
 Or through a river thus, why yet they mill
 But lavishes his water, but mis-pends
 It at the floud-gates; and then only grinds,
 If teares bee seasonable, not slatter'd out
 In a preposterous manner, and about
 Irrequisites. Here widely to set ope
 A doore of griefe, as if the doore of hope
 Were double lock'd and barr'd? Why but denote
 When after raine some curious flower-pot
 With Roses, Gelsomins, and sweete Brire,
 Is animated, how it does inspire
 The circling roose; or as a rich perfume,
 In curles and eddies, issuing from the wombe.
 Of some Illustrious Agat, does intrance
 And ravish all the neare circumference

a. A metaphor
 from the collar
 or bezel of a
 ring which is
 that part of it,
 wherein we set
 the stone.

With fragrant Odors; so while here conversing,
 His soule was nobly (a) collected, dispersing
 Such holy acts, that who but still reports,
 With what successe he dayly trod the Courts

Of

Of his Creator? Yet 'tis common now
 To meet there but as Doves, and Sparrowes do.
 Who but how faithfully he could confine
 Civill respects how plausive, to devine,
 To realls, semblances; and hast thou found
 An object, though like *Ops* with turrets crown'd,
 Nay rendring Citadels; if it becalme
 And slack the sayle of goodnesse, 'tis a balme
 How seeming pretious, yet that breaks the head,
 And bar it by and mayne; set nor thy bed,
 Thy Mammons bushell, nor delicious board
 Vpon thy candle, these like Iona's gourd
 Are quickly worm-eaten: no let me sway
 Thee to this pattern here, and who I say,
 Who but while others spent their time, may cyte
 Our *Harrington* redeeming it? what wight
 (How partiall) to the most, and with the best,
 But must preferre him? call him touch and test?
 A web where *Pallas* left in warp in woofe,
 Her rosie fingers; one that clove the hoofe,
 That joyntly chew'd the cud; and since approv'd
 So paragon a piece, that was remov'd
 The sooner hence, promoted from his lease
 Of life more expeditely, to possesse
 The fee design'd him, though a while suspended
 In *Nubibus* —

'Tis true that some incended
 With terrene Objects, (will forsooth) conclude
 Of life by many years, by longitude
 Nor ayme profundity; they *Nestor* praise,
 And his three ages; emulate the dayes
 Of old *Methuselah*; and this affise

So highly valued, tacitly replies
 Vpon our *Harrington*; but take thy will,
 Contract still with the Creature, bandy still
 For terrene complement; I worlding, line
 Thy selfe with pulpe, with marrow, wash in wine,
 And freely jove it; yet when all is done,
 Or elevate this earth above the Sun,
 Or all beneath is vanity. Nay keep
 In mind my premonition, when thy sleep
 Is broken at the smallest chirping bird;
 When once the (a) marrow, that same silver cord,
 Distemper'd is, and slackn'd; when the thin
 The golden *pia mater*, shrinks within
 Her ruinous scull, leaving it bare and voyd;
 The kidneyes and the reynes (as wheelcs employ'd
 From *vena cava's* Cisterne, to convey,
 To distribute her nutrimentall whey)
 When they lye crack'd and comfortless; when these,
 And other symptoms threaten stranguries,
 (b) *Ischuria's* sad, and all our terrene blisse,
 Like a faire Iordan to be swallow'd is
 By *mare martium*; then the tedious race
 Of many years, congested also has
 A sea of sin; then cautious *Solomon*
 Petion'd not extent of time, his boon
 Was wisdom only; then the sole dimension
 Imparadising us, is that intention
 And depth of life, religiousnesse; how long
 We bustle here awayles not; Then his tongue
 Who keeps from ill, his lips from any guile,
 Does good, and followes peace; 'tis he the while
 That loves to live, partaking happy dayes.

a Ecclesiast.
 the 12. 6.
 Paraphrased.

b Stopping of
 passages in the
 bladder.

And

The Belides.

13

And since our *Harrington* employ'd these
With such integrity, let me be bold,
Though giving a nefarious life (how old)
But spans and inches; his to measure yet
By miles, nay many leagues, for such was it:
In depth and piety; to reckon his
A wedge of oblique gold, when *Lamechs* is
How tediously continued, but a bar
Of garlick iron: then againe infer,
That since thus expeditely fully summ'd,
Nor won with such an age so sin-benumb'd
Longer to peece, he hasted hence to heaven,
His everlasting mansion. —————

And how given

To leavings over, are the men who there,
Will situate (forsooth) a Bull, a Beare,
A Goat, a Scorpion, or a sort of grosse
And dirty (a) *Sucula*? when the morose
Orion, or *Calisto* hot has spent
A sensuall life, yet to the firmament
Who basely cry their little goodnesse up,
Rewarding it with stars? nay take the troop
Of all our *Ethnick* Sages, if we cite
Even *Aristides*, far is he too light
Vpon the weights, and but a sounding brasse,
A tinkling Cymball. Leave we then to passe
Such improprieties, reforming now
The (b) *Gnosian* Crown, from *Arindnes* brow,
To high and holy *Hesters*. Let us call
Medusa's head, *Goliath's*; and withall
The *Percus* weilding it, a *David*. Grant
Alcides (c) *Afterisme* to *Sampson*. Plant

a The *Hyades*,
or five stars in
the head of
Taurus, so na-
med, because
fore-tokening
foule weather.

b A Crown of
Stars, given her
by *Bacchus*,
and Patroni-
mically so na-
med from
Gnosios, the
chiefe City of
Crete.

c A configura-
tion of fixed

The Stars.

The Belides.

d Some will
morall him for
Wisedome and
therefore in
such grace with
Jupiter.

The Virgin-mother, in that glorious chaire
Of *Cassiopeia*. (d) *Berenices* haire,
Chang'e into that which wip'd our Saviurs feet,
To *Mary Mawdlins*. Nay that exquisite,
So gifted, worldly-wise Ganimdes,
Yet since an *Ethnick* as the rest of these,
And wanting the mayne principle, dissever
From his faire constellation, and for ever
Hereafter call it *Harrington*. Our sphear
Should rather only Cristian be, should weare
But sanctifi'd inscriptions ; relish but
Such Harbingers, as write the names without,
Of such as lodge within it ; and for one,
That likewise of Illustrious *Harrington*.

Nor does it hinder his beatitude,
Though now asunder taken, and unscrew'd
Some little time, since 'tis but to be drest,
Be polish'd more ; and often thus in quest
Of trim, and properties appertient,
Do plighted lovers part, with smarter hint,
And rituall celebration, to bestead
Their after-nuptials. I, we justly plead
His crosse, his crown ; his terrene dissipation
His endlesse comfort, even the generation
Of glorious habitudes. For loe there is
A right-hand-path, (the beauteous feet of peace
Are dayly measuring it ;) there is I say,
A path unparallel'd, a right-hand way,
(The sumptuous allyes * *Pseudo Bassian* made
Of gold and silver filings, were but lead
To this and meerey refuse ;) such a blest
Ascent there is, (incomparably drest

* *Heliogabalus*.

The Belides.

15

With radiant spangs; with many a glorious Ouch
Engraven and figur'd sumptuously, by which
We climbe our endlesse comfort; to the wight
Incorrigibly vicious, tis as straight,
As much extenuated, as needles eyes
To Cables, nay to Camels; but who wise
As Serpents are. and Dove-like Innocent,
Find it againe so vast, of such extent,
They travayle up in triumph: Thus, we read,
Both *Enoch*, and *Elijah* likewise did;
And the luciferous trayle, so held by some,
For a *Mosaick* work, of many dimme
Inferior *Astericks*; by some decreed
A *Galaxia*, dappled thus and dy'd,
When petrish *Juno* suckling *Hercules*,
Bespilt her milk; yet some againe professe
For *Le Chemin Saint Jaques*, for the track
Saint *Feames* ascended by. and now to crack
This into kernell, when our *Harrington*
Was re-demanded; when his soule, that shone
Like a sweet Virgin-taper, gather'd was
From out the precious socket; thus, ô thus
By this same right-hand passage, in the spur
Of some spirituall Chariot, *Aethon* far
Transcending and *Eons*, nay the top
Of *Jacobs* Ladder; and inducted up
Above all heavens: it there with relaxation
From earthly toyle, injoyes an inchoation
Of immarcesible so glorious blisse,
As even the most elaborate *Romances*
Deciper not. —

His other reliques borne

When

When to the grave, fell also blest, like corne
 Into good ground; nor such as when they dyed
 Shall rise againe, but even a purified
 Spirituall body, and withall for ever
 Immutable. As when a precious River
 From weaving montley to the meads, and wreaths
 For the sweet *Nayades*, his body sheaths
 Within some cave, some (a) *Ookey*, groping thus
 By subterranean, and caliginous
Meanders many a furlong; as the while
 Since washing and transpiercing many a pile
 Of (b) *terra sigillata*, *Samian* (c) clay;
 In (d) *Limacons* and Mazes, eating way
 Through severall hidden Mineralls, and veines
 Of rich and medicinable Oare; attaines
 By this contraction greater value, thence
 Evades againe of far more excellence.
 Or looke how sweet *Alpheus*, having bred
 Innumerable Olives, hides his holy head
 Beneath the ground, and as if heaven were won
 Alone by (e) sapping, closely burroughs on,
 In darksome uncouth hollowes wandring far,
 And many a tedious mile; till lastly neere
 Declaim'd *Olympus*, (and whose procerous top
 Is sung the gate of heaven) he flourish up,
 And cheerly rise againe; loe thus refin'd,
 Thus happy shall his reliquies open rend
 The grisly grave. O Death where is thy sting?
 Where Hell thy victory? —

Nay still to wing
 His exaltation, at the generall doom,
 When these two moyts must againe become

Conso

a A Cave in
 Somersetshire,
 out of which
 issues such a
 streame, as not
 far from it
 drives a Mill.

b A medicina-
 ble earth found
 in Lemnos,
 and also about
 Blois.

c A white and
 glewie kind of
 earth good a-
 gainst poyson.
 d Snail-like
 windings.

e The military
 word for cut-
 open, or un-
 derminig from
 sapper francois

Consolidate, be made a building pure,
 Immortall, just, and as the *Cynosure*
 Refulgent; then behold his blessednesse
 Shall full and perfect be; his Crown possesse
Delices without crosses; joyes still green,
 Still mellow; such as neither eye hath seen,
 Nor heart conceives. The Iugler *Mahomes*
 Does among other ravings, distribute
 Indeed a kind of future *Lubber-land*
 To his Heroës; if I must expound
 It more at large, where all our terrene parts,
 Demand their circular, their second Arts,
 To flourish by; their winter to devoure,
 Deglutiare Autumne, melt his furniture,
 To kerne, to sow it, till from hence succeeds
 Another spring; yet in this place there needs
 No winters help, and trees are alwayes clad
 With fruit both ripe, and green, and in the bud,
 And likewise in the blooth. He dreames, I say,
 But some voluptuous (a) *Nicaragua*,
 Had after death; nay by that chip of old
 Poëtick *Virgil*, the so high extoll'd
 Hesperian Orchard, has he hewen him out
 A carnall heaven; in which (forsooth) no doubt,
 But vertuous men sit upon Carpets rich,
 And under trees of massie gold, with much
 Affection court their *Paramours*. Alas,
 How *Scarab* like, and in a silly place,
 Does this impostor flye? how seek to win
 But sense, and titilion; things wherein
 Ignobler creatures, even the Hawke, the Hound,
 Nay very Vermin, oftentimes are found

a A Country
 South-East
 from Mexico,
 & so beautifull,
 that the Spani-
 ard calls it Ma-
 homets Para-
 dice.

at

D

To

To have precedency. Well miscreant,
 Let *Grill* continue *Grill*, let him content
 Himselfe with drasse and offall ; yet for us,
 We hope a glory consentaneous
 To spirituell bodyes ; such as we may rather
 Possesse in future, then in present either
 Relate, or in our narrow hearts conceive.
 Yet with submissive modesty to drive
 A blisse so heap'd, and shooke, and running o're
 Still further home ; when time shall be no more
 The severall elements with fervent heat,
 When once dissolv'd ; with noise and terror great,
 When heaven is past away, and he that here,
 Was so malignly pierced, shall appeare
 Among innumerable Angels ; when the last
 Impetuous braying trumpe, has open cast
 All graves, and sepulchers ; asunder wrung
 Each sheet of Lead, supplanted every clung,
 And Iron sleep ; when loe the great affize,
 The finall endlesse doome, that multiplies
 So many wonders, once is consummate ;
 And God has burnt the cockle, brought the wheat
 Into his Grainer ; then our Baron here,
 Shall as the firmament be shinie cleere ;
 May like the stars : then locally remaining,
 Among the many holy thousands reigning
 In Paradise ; he shall enjoye the great,
 The reall, endlesse Sabbath. Then impleat
 With sacred raptures, he shall cheerly bring
 Immortall lauds, a free will offering
 To his Creator : relish that Elisian,
 Incomprehensive, beatick vision,

Even.

The Belides.

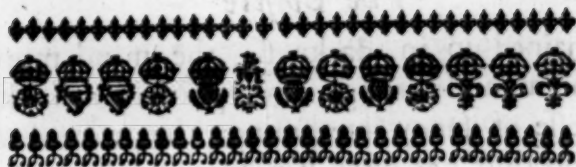
91

19

Even of our God himselfe. But here the gaze
At such a glory, does so much amaze,
Oppresse, annihilate my feeble spright,
That I desist ; or else againe what wight,
So poorely stupid, but with *Peter* here,
Would seeke to stay, and Tabernacles reare ?

D 2

To



TO THE READER.



Must ingeniously
profes that though
our vulgar Poetrie
pretend so much
to second causes,
usually praying
ayd of wine and
oyle; yet are these
insuing, meerely
such night-peeces,

as for the most part were drawn without
either; their contexture succeeding only to
preoccupate, and forelay the mind from
other prejudice; for, after a competence of
rest and sweet repose, the Senses being then

D 3

chained

The Epistle

chained up in 'darknesse, the mind more intent; and through an aptitude, a brisknesse of fancy interposing, the muse then and thus, has often kept me welcome company. On whose behalte, it she sometime ruffe it higher, prove more airie; yet a Souldiers Tract may be buskin'd above ordinary, may with some proprietic demand it, and these words of Art, those military dresses here and there inserted. A Poet also has the prerogative freely to follow the propensitude of his *Genius*; and our language as supplied from abroad, is of richer variety for the cadence of either Prose or Verse. *Verstegan* will indeed upbraid *Chau-* with it as prejudiciall; and another Netherlander, has objected our English to me, for made up of severall shreds like a Beggars Cloake; yet will their own *Killianus* acknowledge the Teutonick also thus ennobled; and our language is rather by this assistance, a beautifull Mosaick worke, or the *Venus* of *Apelles*, since to render it such a Non-pareille, we have thus enrich'd it, with
D
severall

Dedicatory.

23

severall Foreine Jem's and winning features.
Briefly, where these may seeme difficult and
un-usuall ; behold the Margent a present Oe-
dipus for their decypher, and fitter is it that
that the Page should suffer, than the Master.

G. T.

The

For all persons young and young persons
 who are in the way of the world and
 who are in the way of the world and
 who are in the way of the world and
 who are in the way of the world and

Q. T.



THE BELIDES,
OR
EVLOGIE

Of that Noble Martialist

MAJOR

WILLIAM FAIRFAX,

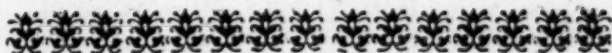
Slain at *Frankenthall* in the Re-

nish Palatinate, when it was be-
sieged by CONSABLES de COR-

DOVA. In the Year 1621.



Of that Noble Master



The Souldiers Character.



Souldier must his enemy prevent
As well by stratagem, as open Mart:
Nestor and Ajax, have the selfe-same Tent;
The Foxes head, march with the Lions hearts.

He must be (a) Senaca with Burrhus, reading
As well as action: these united, fashion
The reall Cæsar; when if single, breeding
But Marius, or some idle speculation.

a These had
the disciplining
of Nero, in his
first five years.
The one in
Arts, the other
in Arms.

He must be borne of such a happy starre,
That when both strength, and artifice may faile:
(As puzzled oft, in the crosse-ways of warre,)
Yet heaven relieve him, lead him to prevaile.

He must have such a sanctifi'd desire,
A soule so firmly to his Saviour plighted;
That he may meet with death, in blood and fire,
And all his grimmeſt postures, unaffrighted.

And if in war to dye, yet so de cease,
For justice; that his end, in war be peace.

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THE BELIDES,
OR
EVLOGIE

OF MAIOR
WILLIAM FAIRFAX,

Slaine in the *Renish Palatinate*,

at *Frankenthall*, when it was be-
sieged by *Gonsales de Cordova*.

ANNO 1621.

THou that ignobly doest the muse depaint,
At livery keeping her; for every Saint
Thou hast a candle; every swad how vile,
A flattering couplet; moulting verse the while
As Geesse doe quils, upon each sordid plash
Where thou may'st wallow; for unrighteous cash
That canst (I say) relate each hungry crust
By spreading Oakes, and Cedars; when untruss'd,
E3, who

The Belides.

Who basely groveling lyes, and bramble-like
Grows at both ends; that doest with myrrh & spike,
Dresse every funerall pot; I charge thee flye
To such, whom blinds, false windows, and the by,
Can only set off; *Fairefax* disallow'd
These illegitim Arts, nor shall he shrowd
Himselfe among their smoak.——

And now draw neer,
With an impassionate arrested eare,
All you (if any such there be) who take
No truce with Souldiers; you that can embrace
Their value so, twitting with personall crimes
The generall calling; tell me, though sometimes
A Statist have his substituted gin,
Which like a Nunnery-turning-box, winds in
The gifts that come, himselfe the while unseen;
Must all the Classis therefore be with spleen
Prejudicated? since Divines (that be
The Church Snuffers) should be (a) gold, and free
From any base allay; yet when we heare,
Of some againe so leaden, that they feare
To meddle with the flame, permitting it
Vnsnuff'd to languish; shall we therefore twir,
The generall Tribe of *Levi*? Madly barke
At cleare and happy stars, because some darke,
And inauspicious are? To come to those
That must be pay'd in kind, let me disclose
My dearest *Fairefax*; who though set so soon,
That both his mid-day, and his after-noon,
With their expected influence were bereft us;
Has yet a blessed testimony left us,
Of martiall goodnesse. As a streame descending
From his faire heads to sea, becomes in trending

a This according to some
Writers was
typically im-
plied by the
golden snuffers
in *Solomons*
Temple.

More

The Belides.

31

More puissant, and fed by many a rill,
By many a pretious brook, so widens still
His Channell, that at length it even surroun's
Whole Islands, drives the trade of populous towns,
Such was his progresse here; and though the blood
Of many an Ancestor both great, and good,
Ran high within his veines; yet thirsting more
Then a reflected value, or to shore
Himselfe with borrow'd crutches up; proceeding
A further course, of observation, reading,
And souldiership; he mounted the degree
Of reall honours. And where some there be
Who lozange-wise, are but of bulk and might
At middle-race; that having all their light,
From sulphurous matches had, stink out at length,
And die like candle-snuffs; from strength to strength,
Our *Fairefax* dayly grew up, till he crown'd
His actions with his *exit*. To propound
Him yet more Graphickly, the *Cynick* bold,
That with his tacite embleme, so contrould
Irregular *Athens*, meeting such a wight,
Had toyle and Taper sav'd; his ayme was right,
And honest courses; nor by wearing broad
And manifold phylacters, to defraud
Again with carnall ends; but thus addicted,
He stood in nature: and for these afflicted,
Was resolute and bold, as *Rome* could vaunt
Fabricius under *Pyrrhus* Elephant.

'Tis true, that some can polish off their ill,
And vicious ware; nay, I have known such skill
In shadows, that a picture while pretending,
Some Temple faire, with Isles convexly bending

And

The Belides.

And running inward, windowes jutting out,
 Has still in *Plano* been : But *Fairefax* fought
 A nobler fight, could not be thus accus'd
 Of broken pits, nor other doubling us'd,
 Than that of Ranks and Files. Now are we come
 To his peculiar channell, and at home
 Dimensions best are taken ; Reader here
 Double thy guards, I doe, arrest thine care
 Yet straighter up ; and know though I must yeeld
 A spade a spade, nor can *Bellona* shield
 From her debauches ; yet our Armies ring
 Of some such daring zelots, as out-wing
 Those of old *Rome*. When *Bulleine* erst led on
 His valorous *Crossade*, as the souldiers shone
 With holy fire, each practising to quit
 Himselfe, like an abstemious (*a*) *Nazarite* ;
 So have we those, the shield of faith preferring
 To that of *Ajax* ; double souldiers, serring
 The spirituell to the temporall corslet ; these
 These are the gems of Crowns ; the wondrous seas,
 Imbroyling though with storms of blood, and fire,
 Where *Halcions* sing ; these are the souldiers, higher
 Than Death or Hell, men dwelling in the Tents
 Of holy *Shem* ; with these the Regiments
 Immortall, and the (*b*) thundring bands are fill'd ;
 These are the Souldiers that are Saints, and skill'd
 Indifferently to go to heaven a-bed,
 Or in a whirle-wind as *Elijah* did ;
 And one of these was *Fairefax*.

a *Danels*
 chronicle. fol.
 84. also *Serres*
 in that expedi-
 tion.

b The old Ro-
 mans had a Le-
 gion nam ed
Fulminatrix, &
 the Christians
 under *Aurelius*
 were also na-
 med *Legio ful-*
minea.

Not to proule
 For which at forraine hands, ô say my soule,
 With what propension hast thou known him pay
 The

The Belides.

33

The first-fruits, primer-seisin of each day
 And night to heaven: how damask his up-rise,
 And then his set againe with sacrifice,
 With holy retributes: and thus apply'd
 In chiefe to *Mary*, giving thus the Bride
 Her due precedence; afterward contest
 The (a) *Paranymph*, seek *Martha*; live in quest
 Of Arms and Arts. A practise judging those
 That ayme but meat, and raiment; but disclose
 Their age alone by Gowts, or want of haire;
 Or as the light melodious Grasshopper,
 (So like an *Alchimax*, though she bring
 Conspicuous tidings, cheerly dance and sing
 The joy of Harvest in;) does yet become
 To their year-stricken bodyes, burthensome.
 Those also judging as impertinent,
 That in (b) *Micrologies* (forsooth) will slent,
 And trifle time away; the webs they spin,
 Are only Spider-like, and faine too thin
 For either sheet, or garment; nay we flish,
 That violate whole ages hence, and rush
 As fiercely to their wicked wayes, as horse
 To battell do; stigmatickly the course
 Of time defacing, and his after-head
 With often whips and wheeles. Bimbellished
 When oppositely, *Fairefax* wisely knew
 To husband him, to make him moult and mew,
 His noblest feathers; 'tis no garish, broad,
 No rich materiall plume, but these that boad
 Triumphs and Crowns; and reading, observation,
 (As with a joynt harmonious indagation
 Assisting grace,) are those catholicon.

a He or shee
 that attends
 the Bride, and
 disposes the
 nupciall Feast.

b Curiosities in
 trifles.

F

That

Even Dregs and all.——

Still that our *Boute-fens*
Dissected further be, for borrowed shewes
Of edge and valour, he consulted not
Intoxicating *Bacchus*, waters hot,
Or rotten Reliques; and the Magick (a) shirt,
(b) Inchanted Coller, (c) foe-defeating worthe
Acheminis, and other such; with zeale
Abominate he could, as but a deale
Of spirituall *Paliardise*; and who colleagues
Him with such trumperies will gather Figs
Where only barren Thistles grow, and Grapes
Where Thornes alone, and Briars; 'tis to lapse
From the great God of *Israel*, and enquire
At *Baal* of *Ekron*; with diviner fire
Our *Fairefax* nobly was enrag'd, disdaining
These wicked arts, as while the right maintaining,
Enfeebling it; as only arming but
Ichneumon-like with dirt, that fences not
The fate of war: Nay he could challenge base
(d) *Antaus* and his earthen ware, the race
Soon broke to threads; and oft without a fit
Peece left, to fetch or water from the pit,
Or fire from the hearth.——

Next after these
That I may throughly seare, and cauterize,
The moderne pride, like adle wheaten eares,
And starving Hysop of the wall, that bears
The head so perk, so lofty; his milice
How mett'l'd, yet was such a modest peece,
As woorded not it selfe upon the last
When loe that empty thundring-tub, the brac'd

a In French,
*Chemise de ne-
cessite*, and
worne against
wounds.

b The lik- also
is their Firma-
illet.

c *Pluy* gives it
this efficacy.

d A Giant, who
still receiving
new force from
the earth, had
his muddy soul
shooke out by
Hercules in the
yare.

* From Passiv-
volant Franco-
is, which is such
a souldier as
Captains upon
muster dayes
foyst into their
Companies.
b Vrbs Pen-
lis, a City of
Egypt.

Sir (a) *Parolant*, himsefe dilates, and tells,
And faces off, in swelling *Sespedells*;
Speakes only Buffe and Cannon; is so fill'd
With Easterne empty wind, that he can build
What ayrie Castles might if joyn'd in one,
Make a new (b) *Theb's*. Alas how have I known
Him march as like the compasse on a Map,
He lightly swallow Kingdomes could, and step
O're Cittadels, and Cities; and in war
As if (forsooth) at every pace, a star
Must be stroke out; How have I known the blade
hat never lodg'd *sub(c) dio*, never made
His bed at *Charlises waine*, nor knowes to fare
(d) *Lapsana*-like; and yet this *Marion'd Hare*
Talkes like a *Talbot*. Thus, Saint (e) *Severin*
The titler swells, till running from within
A threatned *Alexandria*; when imploy'd
Saint (f) *Severin* the souldier, does or bide
Victorious on the spot, or else if hope
Perhaps turne Hagard, nobly furling up
Himsefe within his Ensigne, so derive
A glorious winding-sheet. And though we strive,
With rigid industry, loe (g) *Proculus*
No (h) *Faquemard*; no supercilious
(i) *Schiamaasia*, but the recall fact
Can ripen speculation, can in tract
Of time polikely quadrate; yet to *Gath*,
To (k) *Rhlogra*, to the sons of (l) *Haraphash*,
To the Kings enemies befall, that here

c *In nudo*, non
sub tello.

d With this
root *Casars* host
lived long at
Dyrasbium;
some take it for
the wild Cole-
wort.

e Vide *Ceres*

fol. 356.

f *Fougasse*, fol.
127.

g A great un-
dertaker before
danger, but un-
experient'd, *Ta-
cir*, hist. fol. 52.

h A statue of
wood, a Turk
against which
some will pra-
ctise their wea-
pons.

i A counterfeit skirmish, a May-dayes bickering. & The rendezvous
of those Giants that invaded heaven. l In some translations, the sons of the
Giant; in others as here. See 1 Chron. 20, 4.

They

They quit their inland discipline; and beare
 Thou witnesse *London*, how it magnifies
 Thy bars, thy bolts, thy buttresses; how cries
 Thy reputation up. 'Tis true indeed,
 That where the military (a) *Sould* and seed
 Decorted is, our men we reckon trained,
 Are only thus ironically fained;
 And their abode may justly twitted be
 The sluggards garden; but concerning thee
 Conspicuous *London*, and thy martiall yard,
 How art thou disciplin'd, I say? how barr'd
 With living *Palisads*? and all successe
 Betide thee still, nor drive the premises,
 Then that there be degrees of merit, then
 To regulate and justly tether men
 Within their severall distances; to scourge
 Our bragging Meteors, herry stars, and urge
 The modest grave *Militia*, late employted
 By *Fairefax*.

e The Dutch
 word for a soul-
 diers, stipend
 as military.

Now since Candles how so lighted,
 Obnoxious oft to bushells are; since hate,
 And lip-cy'd envy, seeke to facinate
 The noblest peices; since there be, that dare
 Calumniate this behaviour, neither care
 Disgracefully to challenge it, the cold
 Of an inferiour spirit; still unfold
 We more our beautilous tap'stry, till the pleyt
 So much demonstrating his martiall heat,
 Be likewise open'd. Or if else we call
 Him rich *Arachne-work*, and cite withall
 His faire, his further pursues 'tis indeed

a *Velis fenestra* : the garment wrought with Cobweb-worke peculiar to France.

b It empties at the Brill, and is of very dangerous access.

c The Hound is between Dort & Flushing, so named, *a fremius & lastratu*.

d The turelar patrons of peculiar places, as *St. Paul* for London, *Saint Mark* for Venice.

e The Heralds at his returne gave him a Fesse-wave, between two Pole-stars.

The (*a*) genuine web of *France*, and here apply'd
With all propriety, since like a root
Transplanted, and remov'd, to retribute
The doubler flower; our *Fairefax* also drew
This active ayre : till (having gotten new
Materials once) for *Seyne* and *Rhodanus*,
He shipt him to the *Flee*, the dreaded (*b*) Maze,
Tessel, and barking (*c*) Hound; now critick judge
Whether this motion, may decypher edge,
Activity and heat. —

Then to fore-warne
Such eke of wealth and parts, as yet will turne
In their domestick pleasure, like a doore
Upon the hinges, saying Lyons roare
In forraine wayes; and grant it so, yet God
Is far from (*d*) ascriptitious, nor abroad
Of any shortned arme; transport thee where
No Vultures eye could ever pierce, even there,
There shall his right hand lead thee : *Israel* thus,
How puzzl'd in a roaring wilderness
Was yet in safety; thus adventrous *Drake*
Could such a fortunate *plus ultra* make
To *Mugellane*, so beat up both the hot
And frozen *Zones*, oft with his glorious boat
Doubling the broad *Equator*; so be found
The first in cheife, that put a girdle round
About our terrene Globe; the polar stars
Illuminate his (*e*) Coat. Our traffick, wars,
Are thus by noble *Sindicks*, souldiers tall
Accommodated; or if else they fall
In the pursuir, yet heaven is over-head,

And

The Belides.

39

And even in all degrees of latitude,
Impartially propitious. Thus againe,
As far hence as *Apollo* takes his waine,
And baits his winged horse with spices hot,
To make their breath more influent; our remote
High-doing (a) *Dale* ascended. And in fine,
So *Fairefax* propping while the Rhenish vine,
(By that sanguinolent Hercinian Boare,
Now given a prey to Foxes;) or before
Some Basilisk, or (b) *Drake*, or Colverin,
Or other such, was elevated in
At those eternall gates. —

a Sir *Thomas Dale*, who dyed at *Messutapan*.
b His thigh was broken by a *Canonnad* whereof he died.

As who with skill,
And knowingly his journey manage will,
Does often from the beaten road withdraw,
Or to behold a *Stonage*, taste a *Spaw*;
Or with some subtile Artist to confer,
Or famous *Schöller*; or else to demurre
A while within some *Minster*, and consider
The *Monuments*, and *Armory*: so Reader
Be pacified, if in my pondrous course,
I thus my selfe refresh, and re-inforce,
With change of objects. But descend we now
From running further *Bias*; from the bough,
Back to the bulke, the body; and so great,
So mettlesome his travaile, such his sweat,
For skill and parts, that (as was touch'd before,)
From the faire continent, so deck'd with store
Of *Vines* and *Flower-delices*; it impell'd
Him to the grumbling *Hound*, the (c) *Tessel*. fill'd
With *Indian* rarities; the *Maze*, the (d) *Flye*,
That

c Or *Texel*, a little barren Island nominating the fairest channell for *Amsterdam*, a staple of the *Balt-Indies*.
d *Belgie Vliet*, another channell for *Amsterdam*, and more dangerous, as where sea-men take in guides.

The Belides.

That round imperative, so threateningly
Decyphering his channell,——

These the moats,

This the conspicuous place, where dayly floats
A Forrest, thick as antique *Lebanon*;
The glorious mead, though yeelding neither stone,
Nor almost scruples, where a more compleat,
A paverder (a) *Hecatompolis*, then *Crete*
Was ever Mistresse of; and with as high.

a *Crete*, now
Candy; by the
Grecians thus
called of her
having 100.
Cities.

Innumerable broches, as stupendiously
Charging the lower Region. Here the *Burse*,
The Common weale, ennobling by commerce,
Her Merchants, Princes. This the wily-brain'd
Prometheus, not improsperously detain'd
With after-gaming, not with umbrages,
Held in the hobler-hole; but measuring ease,
By such prevention; every gainest way,
Marching to *Jeha* like, he can I say,

b A sword to
sacrifice with
as also for pu-
nishment, and
largely taken
for any thing
fit for severall
uses.

The most outrageous *Gemet* barnacle.
And this the *Angache*, for better tackle;
For his due trim, and manifoldly suited,
To steere a nobler course; that destituted
A *France* of such a *Fairesax*, listing him
Among her *Brittish* aydes.——

c A broad
sword with a
double forked
poynnt.

d That experi-
ence comman-
der Sir *John*
Ogb; who
formerly had
lost one of
his eyes in
service.

Nor of a dim
Inferiour maniple, for if we file
Our emulous Leaders, he that we may stile,
The (b) *Delphick*, or the (c) *Chelidonian* sword,
A double cheiffe, and with *Minerva* stor'd,
As burganetted *Pallas*; he so crown'd
With proof in (d) frontispiece, and our renown'd

Our

Our moderne *Cocles*; he the Leader, whose
 (a) Revengefull Ensigne noble *Fairefax* chose
 To rank him under, distributing there
 His day to severall studies; not a spare,
 And vacant time, but fairly tricking up
 With some contexture. Look as *Hondius* map,
 Or *Plantius*, more to palliate their extent
 Of empty sea, and wildernesse; present
 Here with a labouring ship, there with a whale,
 Or *Hippotame*, and *Nephele* a cheval
 Waving his furious trident; here with b) *Rucky*
 That castell-volant, making such a mock
 Of *Behemoth*; there with a *Petigone*,
 Or *Ptolomie*, or *Strabo*, widely known
 Cosmographers; all this, I say, to dress
 And set of their vacuity; so thus,
 Our *Fairefax* could his voydest time array
 With laudable endeavours; and thou gray
 Yet desperate Libertine, that dost impose
 No tie upon thy selfe; bring hither those
 Thy threecore years, here to be disciplin'd
 By this (b) *Fulus*. Let our youth, defin'd
 Familiarly by sensuall appetite,
 And wicked wayes, (as being far too light
 Vpon the weights,) also derive from hence
 A different learning, which in consequence,
 Is strength and marrow to the severall bones,
 Health to the navell, nay demises thrones,
 And glorious Scepters; for entirely thus
 Pre-occupy'd, does ammunition us
 Against the siege of sin. or must I cleare

a His colours
 were lost at the
Roure, after
 which he dis-
 played a wat-
 ched Colours,
 with this word
 inserted, *Jus-
 ques Alors*; im-
 plying Re-
 venge, and the
 recovery of
 some other a-
 gaine from the
 enemy.
 b A monstrous
 bird, attributed
 to the South-
 ern pole.

c *A prima bar-
 ba language ita
 dicitur.*

The Belides.

It eke by president, our souldier here
Will fitly furnish me.—

Nor was he given
To that excessive *Bacchus*, branding even
Our Christian armies ; tyrraniz'd by those
Debauches, on the soule that oft impose
Such raving inter-regnums. I, behold
As the night-walking dreamer, fancy-fool'd,
And full of sundry crochets, antickly
Here as a brand to light his candle by,
Blowes at a bedstaffe, or else for the doore
Opens the casement ; there againe, before
Some casting-bottle, which his groping hand
Meetes in the variegated tap'stry, pin'd
At *Hellen's* silken side, as in a glasse
Stroakes up his whiskers ; and still odly thus
Whimfies about the roome ; why so disguis'd,
(What if I rather say so bestializ'd ?)
Is sence and reason, by that ebrious pest
Now epidemiall ; so does it contest,
And foyle and foole their light, to such a snuffe,
As in the socket, even with stench enough,
Lyes drowning out ; and for those red-ey'd men,
That adde both drunkenesse to thirst, and then
Thirst eke to drunkenesse ; that draw on sin
With shooing-hornes, and cart-ropes ; these as in
The dangerous pathes of death, and set'ling oft
Vpon their lees, he shun'd.—

Nor could the softe
Insidious *Dalila*, though she deprave
And cauterize, some to fed horses slave

The Belides.

43

His noble soule ; this is the witch indeed,
That with her pretious balme, so breaks the head;
As *Nauplius*, when *Ulysses* fleet was tost
Vppon the barr'd, inhospitable coast,
Of his *Embora* ; brighted all the night
With fiery beacons, scatter'd crescet-light,
As joyntly woobegone, and hailing in,
To safe land-lock, and harbour ; yet againe
But rocks, and scyrts, so paying, that the leake,
And weather-beaten bothoms, with their wrack
Spread all the *Hellefpont* ; lo thus, and thus,
Does Sathan juggle, ruinating us
VVith his false fires ; I, thus the Lady lust
Deales with her confidents, their carnall trust
Betraying so, that at her feet, a throng
Of broken Scepters, Swords, with many strong
And mighty men, like ribs of Argosies,
Lye split and scatter'd ; when by turning these
To Boyghes and Sea-marks, *Fairefax* wisely left
Her cleane to lee-ward, bore up with his swift
Snug bothome still a-head ; and let our old
Com-rades, tell if this draught, this modell, hold
Save the true lines, and shadows.

Not his speech
But season'd was, & where some mouths with beach
Old Iron, any riffe-raffe loaden are
Like Mortar-peeces ; yet alas so farre
Insensible, that this uncloven tongue
Is vaunted farther gracing ; drasse and dung
Their portion be, reseruing Pearle alone,
To those whose breath is like *Zephyrus*, strowen

The Belides.

With Violets and Roses ; nor descends
To bark out Oathes at heaven, nor rudely rends
The Fig-leaves from our shame. —————

But O be tough,
And true my shield, for still incens'd enough
Comes envy hurtling on, and now she cries,
Away with these your whitely, your precise,
Your inkhorne precepts ; tush we must conclude
The souldiers mark, his heighe, his latitude,
By a brave peremptory rage, by skars,
And garments roll'd in blood : yet (a) *Manticors*,
And *Tygers* then are as imbrew'd, as even
The *Crimmest* Tartar ; Ne, but thou hast driven
A brutish paradox, and in despite
Of all thy malice, worthier far the wight
That rules his spirit, with the former sin,
That nobly can dispute ; then he that wins,
A populous City. Is it true indeed
Must then a souldier be the swelling feed
Of tyrannous *Anak* : be with pride as hung
As with a chaine : put violence and wrong,
On like a garment : must we seeke his worth
In precipitious boldnesse : how hasie earth
Then lost her noblest sons : why sing we not
(b) *Encheladus*, and *Almops* : with the knot
Of mighty Hunters, heretofore that durst
So combat heaven : nay, rather let him first
Be truly pious, change to (c) *Rechabite*,
Check Madam (d) *Pierce* ; for base indite
Ezrah bloody-minded *Lamech*, scrambling not
The sword at large, so limited to cut,

a A monstrous
Indian beast,
very ravenous
after humane
flesh.

b Giants which
the Poets say
fought against
heaven.
c Of these see
Jer. 35.
d It imports an
indifferent ri-
fler either of
friend or foe.
See La Noue.
fol. 82a.

At such a narrow threed: let him be wise
 And pious first, and how shall one surprize
 And chase a thousand? how shall two, convert
 Ten thousand men to flight? a souldier girt
 To battaile thus, so farre out-wings dismay,
 And evill newes, that neither hills of prey,
 Mountains of Leopards, nor depth, nor height,
 Nor things to come, nor present, but his faith
 Will bravely buckle with; when let the beast
 That perkes his impious head, and makes a jest
 Of martiall sanctity; that speakes so lowd
 Of Ruffian boldnesse; let him cite the proud
 (d) *Porphirio*, and his fierce Gigantine rout,
 That heretofore for missive weapons, fought
 With burning Oaks, and Mountains, yet their grosse,
 Even at the braying of (e) *Silenus Asse*,
 Is often baffled.

a The Gene-
 rall of those
 Gyms that
 heretofore in-
 vaded heavens
 b This befell it
 (say the Poets)
 when they
 sought to state
 heaven imply-
 ing the the
 bouldest wick-
 ed, are yet full
 of panick
 fears.

Neither speake I this
 To paliate ought in *Fairefax*, more remisse,
 And over-flaxen; but alas the while,
 False principles so sop us off, we stile
 Night Sun-shine, darknesse light, and many a dish
 Of Serpents, and of stones, for eggs, and fish,
 Deglutiate so; that seeing thus our horne
 Layd in the dust, I needs must cry Returne,
 Returne ô *Shulamite*.

It trenches not
 Vpon our *Fairefax*, nay we find him hot,
 Even in the highest places of the field;
 Look as the Scythian *Ararns*, with milde,
 With silent woollen feet, goes creeping on;

The Belides.

And not the pooreſt wheik, or angry frown,
Vpon his gentle ſurface, till when pent,
When ſhackled in the boyſterous rocks, and rent
Among the hornes of fearefull precipices;
And then indeed he ſwells up, bellowes, hiſſes,
Turnes into ſatall whirle pooles; yet againe,
As ſoone as once evaded, grows ſerene,
And in the Champian mildly trends along;
Such was his diſpoſition. Nay how young,
How tractable, how calme, yet reſted once,
And over-roughly handled, his reſponce
Like ſlint, when iron-chidden, ready fire;

a A City of the
Rheniſh Pala-
tinate, at the
ſiege of which
by *Gonſales de
Cordova*, Captain
Fairefax was
fiſt in unequal
oppoſition
wounded, and
after ſlain by a
Canonade.

And (a) *Frankenthal*, though long in poore attire
Peeping, and muttering low from out the ground,
Yet now beare up againe; nor is thy wound
So deſperately deep, but he that brings
Reliefe, and healing, underneath his wings;
That never wants a *Gilead* full of balme,
For his elect; ſhall turne thy woſull ſhalme,
Into the merry pipe; ere long refine
Thy ſackcloth into beauty; Courage then,
Beare up, I ſay; and even for juſtice ſake,
Here like a Trumpet liſt thy voice, or ſpeak
Elſe in a louder key; thou witneſſe wert
Of his high thoughts, of his audacious mart,
And fever-ſtrook at the ſo dangerous queſt,
Thou ſaw'ſt when hand to hand, he fiercely preſt
His ſtrong immur'd foe; Thoſe honour'd wounds,
From hence tranſlating him, (while by their hounds
So many like *Aſſen* eaten be,)
Thou canſt declaime; and laſtly 'twas in thee,

That

That he so fell asleep, and hence was borne,
Like a well yeelding shock of finest corne,
Into the barne. Does every truth require
Two or three witnessess? then what if here,
I likewise reckon up th'encounter rough,
The (a) combat he and *Welby*; but enough,
Enough of this, and he that will report
Such illegitimates, must do it tart,
And curtely; then could I further tell,
How this exasperate inter-shock, befell
In their first tyrocity, even his bud
But newly putting open, and conclude,
But yet enough I say; for even the touch,
The glance already given, imports so much;
That envy still thy clack, detraction lay
Thy hand upon thy mouth; and by the way,
Having first interceded, with the great
Redundance of a lofty youthfull hear,
For these delinquents, as a plea may flent
The trespassse somewhat off.——

a Captain *Cas-*
mo Fernandes
and Mr. *John*
Radet, who
were their se-
conds, gave a
very daring tes-
timony of
them both

What virulent
Above the gall of *Aspes*, and crying sin,
That *Nero* never dreamt of, *Catiline*
Durst not have perpetrated, has bin found
By our late (b) *Spinners*, that we must compound
For it, with such a sea of civill blood;
Who has so cast the stone, like (c) *Cadmus* brood,
That now we reek with mutuall slaughter; nay,
Interpret civill sharp, for but to play,
As (d) *Abner* heretofore. How do we doat
Thus on the frenzy duell: but begot

b *Inventors* of
new and mon-
strous lusts.
c These com-
fraters by the
plot of *Palles*
were at the vio-
lent casting of
a stone a-
mongst them,] im-
broyled into
such a mutuall
slaughter as be-
came their o-
verthrow.
d 2 Sam. 2. 14.

With

W He flew *Tamorus*, General of the *Tartars*, in single opposition.

b He wonne severall military Crowns.

c These were for victories gotten without any great danger *d* Of *Ferin*, to carry and being carried by the conquerour, as an offering to *Iupiter*.

e Two hills of *Thessaly*, which the old Giants projected to pile upon each other, till they sealed heaven.

g Dan. 12. 1. Braking of Artillery, is the planting or levelling of it.

With Efts, and hideous Shriech-owles, in the ruble
Of heathenish amphitheaters ; a stubble,
Now valued corne ; a carnage foysted in
At first, but classick now, and thought to spin
The web of honour. Say ye martiall brood,
What (*a*) *Cossus*, what (*b*) *Dentatus* e're allow'd
This fury ? here alasie no Civick Crownes,
No murall Trophies gotten ; this renownes
Nor with *Ovation* (*c*) Triumphs, nor with rich
(*d*) *Feretrarian* spoils ; let him that needs will pitch
His Tents with *Kedar*, and perversly shed
The blood of war in peace ; that being led
By savage custome, dare provoke the wrack
Of an upbraiding conscience, with her black
And broken slumbers, let him on ; perhaps
Heaven may be weary, or want thunder-claps ;
Or (*e*) *Pelson* else pyl'd upon (*f*) *Ossa*, may
Conceale him and his red sins at the day
Of judgement, let him on : but you that are
The true *Heroes*, braacely bidding war
As well to sin as *Spaine* : you that in list
Will be with Saints and Angels, under *CHRIST*
Our * Princely *Michael* ; O so learn to (*g*) brake
The divine Cannon, that at length it shake
This *Molech* down, whose bloody rites so cry
To heaven for vengeance, vent your courage high,
Vpon the generall foe, loe then are skars
The Trumps of fame, and stick a man with stars,
If thence brought off ; by cartell aske repaire,
And in campe cloffe, of such as quarrell dare
Your harths, and consciences ; when these shal threat,
When

The Belides.

49

When these give on, then let your noble heat
Disgusted be, then take the poynt ; a veine
If emptied thus upbraids not, to be slaine
With my dear *Fairefax* thus, is up to roule
The corps in Trophy-work, and gain the soule
A palme in heaven, —————

In fine that I may do
As Painters in their curious Portraits, who
The face deliniated, are wont in close
To set the hand, charg'd with a booke, a rose
Or (a) *Souvenance* ; his open was, a bearing
Of faire construction ; a misterious wearing
The goods of fortune ; and if such there be,
Such (b) *Brigands*, as will shave, may basely flee,
The poore that fight for *Sion* ; I, and this
Even to the teeth of death, as if their peace
Were made with him and hell ; be *Fairefax* set
As opposite to these, to flint, and jet,
As snow and thistle-downa, whose open hand
could manage thus (I say) and so befriend
himselfe with our unrighteous Mammon here,
And Critick what remains, but thus my reere
Being brought up, now likewise thy reply
Vpon the premises ? tell if mine eye
Be (c) *Grazen*-like incurious, dost at home,
Pragmaticall abroad ; or there become
Like eyes in water, doubling the dimension,
Of weeds and pebbles ; if my reprehension,
Straine Gnats, or swallow Camels ; then againe
Doe thou the like, reporting not the maine,
By some peculiar savings ; let not hate

H

a The ring of
many hoopcs,
one of which
we let hang as
a remembrance
of any
thing.

b These were
souldiers, hol-
ding what ere
they could seise
on to be good
prize. Whence
the word was
after taken for
a theife.

c The *Graze*
were said to
have but one
eye, which at
home they layd
by, only using
it abroad : A
taxe layd upon
such, as (neg-
lecting their
their own) are
only busied
in their actions.

^a This at the Duke of Savoyes on-
slaught upon Geneva, Serres.
^b Daniels Chro. 40. & Heywards
Ed. the 5. 114.

^c Sports and wagers inven-
ted to winne
kisses.

^d Salmatida
folia : meta-
phorically bor-
rowed of the
cinnamon tree
Salmacis.

^e Couches and
enseigne de
lettres, to lye
without doors.

^f Of this
homely stuffe
see Phaedrus in
Lycurgus.

^g Thus Trem-
ulus renders it;
which if the
common She-
kell be valued

at 5 groates,
comes to 6 l.
13 s. 8 d.

^h Being dispro-
portionably
hot by nature,
it affects him to
suck in the
coole aire.

ⁱ A drinking
cup, to colour
red that the eye
could not distinguish of black and muddy waters in it, such
sucking full open the inward belly ribs thereof.

At randome taken up, extenuate
The worth of souldiers ; passion so mis-leads,
Prestigians the senses so, that needs
Have been reported spears, (a) and trees for men,
Collect thy selfe (I say,)

Nay rather then
To mis-repute our Mars, the belts restore,
The Medals, leases, (b) titles, heretofore,
And (b) Feifs awarded him ; and touching these,
How often are they got by fuscuses,
By sin, and subtile artifice, the flye ;
Terullus Parrot-like, will clamber by
His flattering beak ; Seralis hopes to find
A fortune, in his new made (c) Cinerind ;
I, such as are devoyd of swinke, and swear,
Whose Trophies but (d) Salmatidan, why yet
Are shuffled often into price and place ;
When if we shall annex the souldiers case,
How sustinently prostrate at the (e) star,
Does he chalk out his bed, nay make it there
Amid the fiercest winter, who so driven
With horrid industry, to combat, even
The rivers, mountains, precipices, rocks,
Meteors, and rigid aires ; what inter-shocks
Has he with hunger, thirst, contagion here
A messe of Spartan (f) broth, is all his cheere,
Or else a Dogs, or Asses head, and bought
At (g) eighty silver shekels ; there for drought
He like a (h) Dragon yawnes, and well the man
Who from a course, a dirty (i) Cushon, can
relieve

Relieve

Relieve himselfe; what shall I say? his plant
 Is (a) *Tarvon*, sole for wounds; or we may grant
 Him the (b) *Carlina* Thistle, to correct
 His rabious Fevers; nor must it deject
 The souldier, though surrounded with a rout
 Of cuttings, fearings, pests, and when from out
 The hurlement of a well foughten-day,
 Some such as meritorious *Fairofax*, may
 Come off all pargetted with bloud, and dust,
 All over grisly gules; will it be just
 To rank him with the former? must our bloud
 Decry'd be to *Zachens* bags? a brood
 Familiarly so spurious, so begot
 By forged cavillation? may denote
 It with an ominous coale, the souldiers trade,
 Is like his Pike, so plaine, and welllesse made
 That each protest *Immarinell*, may bolt
 Himselfe out for a *Tatstick*, and the Cole
 Of very (c) *Mordans*, and *Ducephalus*,
 Thraasonically be thunder'd, till he thus
 Encroach upon our bread.

That I propound

It neerer yet to heart; behold a sound
 Of waters from the North; of many wrongs
 So palpable, that *Marian* there oppugns
 (d) *Jehosua* daily; then againe at home,
 Our (e) Counter-scarp, our outer-works, have swam
 Even annually with slaughter; yet we presse
 A flattering divination; may distresse
 Ship into *Britaine*? does she not reside
 Like (f) *Carmel* in the sea? and then so try'd,

a Or little yel-
 low milfoyle,
 in Latin *Mis-
 taria herba*, be-
 cause good to
 cure wounds.
 b The white
 Thistle, vvich
 vvich *Charles*
 the great used
 to cure his
 souldiers of
 the Pestilence,
 and therefore
 named thus,
Quasi Carolini.

c *Mordans*
 Mars.

d In our late
 Translations
Jehosua
 e The union
 Provinces.
 f Ec. 46. 16.

a The Whale-
fish. Psal. 148.

b Ezek. 28. 14.

c So named of
the river Gages
in Lycia, and
only found
there, and in
Britaine.

d Of this see
Tacitus in *A-*
gricola, 189.

e Such a crea-
ture as lives
indifferently
either at Sea or
Land, as the
Otter, &c.

f Our Muster-
Masters were
now generally
decri'd as idle
Gall.

So dreadfull, are her many flaxen-wings,
That not the fiercest (*a*) Dragon, but she brings
At ease under her lee: thus heretofore,
The covering (*b*) Cherub *Tyrus*, also bore
Him high upon the like, yet emptied was
Soon after from his vessell, made a place
Of fishers and their nets, and thou that do'st
Secure thy Dottor so, if *Neptune* boast
Him of our British (*c*) leat; or use to wear
A Baldrick of our (*d*) Pearle about his bare
And brawny loynes, yet say, will this amount
To side him alwayes ours? was he not won
To waite the *Dane*, the *Norman*? and what are
Our wooden walls, we sole to these reserue
The hope of *Athens*? how is man so skil'd?
Such an (*e*) *Amphibium*, so to make us build
Vpon a single string? I, this the case;
Our Ancestors were dayly biddeu base
Within the heart of *England*; driven to fight
Among their hearths, their temples, for the right
Of their fore-fathers monuments, and bones,
And Reader then resolve me, when the stones,
The carved work, the polish'd corners, even
Of our whole Church attempted are, and driven
With fatall Axes, and with hammers at;
Shall we so much (*alas*) disconsolate,
Deject the (*f*) *Veterane*? ———
O that I might
Respecting my peccalliar, here recite
Of a sad prentiship, a ten years toyle
In foreign *Mars*; the marr of many a myle
Begirt with scalding Iron & sicknesse, want,

Expence

Expence of blood, as being conversant
 Oft with the King of (a) terrors; nay from out a Job 18, 14.
 His bitter gress, the very grave about
 To close upon me, yet recover'd; so
 The shepherd sometimes takes a leg, or two,
 Or else perhaps some parcell of an eake,
 Eve from the Lions mouth; I saine would here
 Like an *Harpocrates* immure my tongue,
 And such a note as this, were fitter sung
 Far off from proxie; but alas my lot
 Has been To full of noyse; that wonder not
 If thus I therefore interpose, with deep
 And many waters, furrows wide and steep,
 For Orthodox Religion; and when now
 The brawny keepers tremble, strong men bow,
 And clouds (b) return after the rain, when these, a Diseases
 With severall almost (c) *gontick* grievances, which dis-
 Are come upon men like an armed man, able action.
 And nor like (d) *Jolans*, or *Eson*, can d These at the
 I moult the (e) Heckle of disabling eld, intercession of
 Alas the while, why should I be compell'd *Iason* and *Her-*
 Like (f) *Micha's Levite*, to go sojourn there, *cules* were re-
 Where I may find a place; but hollow feare, stored from age
 And how art thou so woobegone my soule? to youth again.
 So troubled now within me; tush, let all e *Vernatio* the
 The promontories, hills, and mountains vast, cast skin of ei-
 Be rudely from the center torn, and tost ther snake or
 Far off to sea, yet this is my defence, Judges 17, 8.
 It issues not by chance, but providence. adder.
 After which interpos'd Parenthesis, *Ammon*
 I now again return to the millice, *Ammon*
 And *Mille-toyle* the souldier; farther still

To presse the consequents, the peace, the weale,
 At rough and bloody rates, by these infer'd;
 Or if it seem perhaps too high, too hard,
 For my poore narrow faculties; implore
 We rather such a Muse, as being more
 Polite, and Cláslick, may with sayle enough
 Beare up, and spoane it on, amld the zuffe
 Of meddling censure. Nay to further force
 Our present casting Anchor, loe the course,
 The ruggid churle *Orion*, gotten eke
 High into *Cancer*, still denounces thick,
 Indomitable weather; therefore here
 From plying in the doubtfull maine, I steere
 My weary bark to land.

If any yet

Impose an Elegiack verse, be set

In close of all, as even my teere of reers;

Let him object, and say, what Panick fears,

What decimation, or phlegrean war,

So perpetrated, that we then demur

Vpon the blisse of *Fairesfax*? is a weake

(*a*) *Cassidius* slain, or any such, as like

The flinfull *Ephraimites*, and carrying bowes,

Yet turne againe in battaile; *Trent*, and *Onse*,

Are little for a paire of eyes to shed;

But *Fairesfax* in a storme of hissing lead,

And Iron Cannonads, was gathered hence;

His severall wounds, (*a* precious inference)

Receiv'd in front, facing the foe; and thus,

When such a soule evades her prison-house

Of flesh and blood, the (*b*) *Lion* then indeed

a A signet
 Commander
 under *Cesar*.
 See his Com-
 ment.

b An allusion
 to his Coat-
 armour, being
 Argent, a Lion
 rampant Sable,
 upon three bars
 guineux, gules.

Triumphs above his *Gemen-bars*, is freed
From Trelisses, debrusings; sorrow here
Were a flat *Salecisme*; ungently were,
To mingle Pinks, Carnations, Iuly-flowers,
Harvest with snow; or the prodigious showres
Our black-thorn hatching: therefore hence enforce
It far, and farther also; where some coorse
Is rigorously pursu'd by *Nemesis*,
And even with all her snakes; Let us dimisse
It far, and far I say; assevering
Of holy *Farefax*, that where Angels sing,
He now enjoyes the kernell, omen, spirit,
Of his prophetick Embleme; does inherit
An endlesse *requiem*. And thus have I built
His monument and mine, though not of guilt,
And (a) chamfer'd Marble, yet of what may last, <sup>a Guard or
channel'd.</sup>
When *Absoloms* proud pillar lyes defac'd.

Triumphs above his Gown-bear, is freed
 From Tackles, deprivings; sorrow here
 Were a first & last, woe, woe, woe,
 To mingle with, Carthage, lady flowers
 Hark! woe now, at the prodigious voice
 Our black-thorn hatching; therefore hence enforce
 Is far, and farther still, where some coast
 Is rigorously punished by Zephyr,
 And even with all her lakes, far as distance
 Is far, and far I see, shivering
 Of holy Furies, that where Angels sing
 He now enjoys the kingly, omni, spin
 Of his prophetic Emblem, does inherit
 A castle, and mine, and mine I build
 His monument and mine, mine, mine, mine
 And (a) character of Mark, yet of what may last
 When all below proud bliss lies detach'd.

a Gueard or
 channel





Fame mounted on her nimble winge, as high
As well she might, without impeachment by
The Fierie heav'n; and harten'd on, wth change
Of woondrous Perspectives, Juuans^a-aur's Strange;
And other puissant engins: heere employes
Her Trumpetts, her innumerable eares & eyes,
Throughout our generall hemisphere, to tell
The strife of tongues; the joye the woe befell,
When our supreamest Eagle-trussing choise,
The great GUSTAVUS, of his maslie life,
Exanimated was, shee nere has flown
Soe hight a pitch before, has never blown
Soe discrepant a medley, with soe cleare
A candor forth; soe f^r Benvolio, heere
But listninge well, thou hast f^r distant, prime,
Lowde, severall, clashing passions of f^r tyme.

^a Engins as assistant to f^r hearing as perspectives to the sight.



THE
EAGLE-TRVSSERS
ELEGIE,

Or brieſe preſented
EVLOGIE,

Of that Incomparable Generaliſſimo
GUSTAVVS ADOLPHVS,
The great King of *SVVEDEN*, who
in conſequence to manyfold and glorious
Victories left his life alſo triumphantly and
laureated, at the famous Battaile of
Lutzen, the ſixth of *November*.
Anno 1632.

By *G. T.*

London, Printed 1647.

THE
EAGLE-TRVSSERS
ELLEGE

Of which is printed
EVLGIE

Of the famous and celebrated
GOSYAVOT, ADOPPHUS,
The great King of Svanetia, who
in consequence to many bold and glorious
Victories has his life and kingdom
inured, and his name
in the history of the world
is recorded.



By G. Y.

London, Printed 1647

The Right of the People

to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People

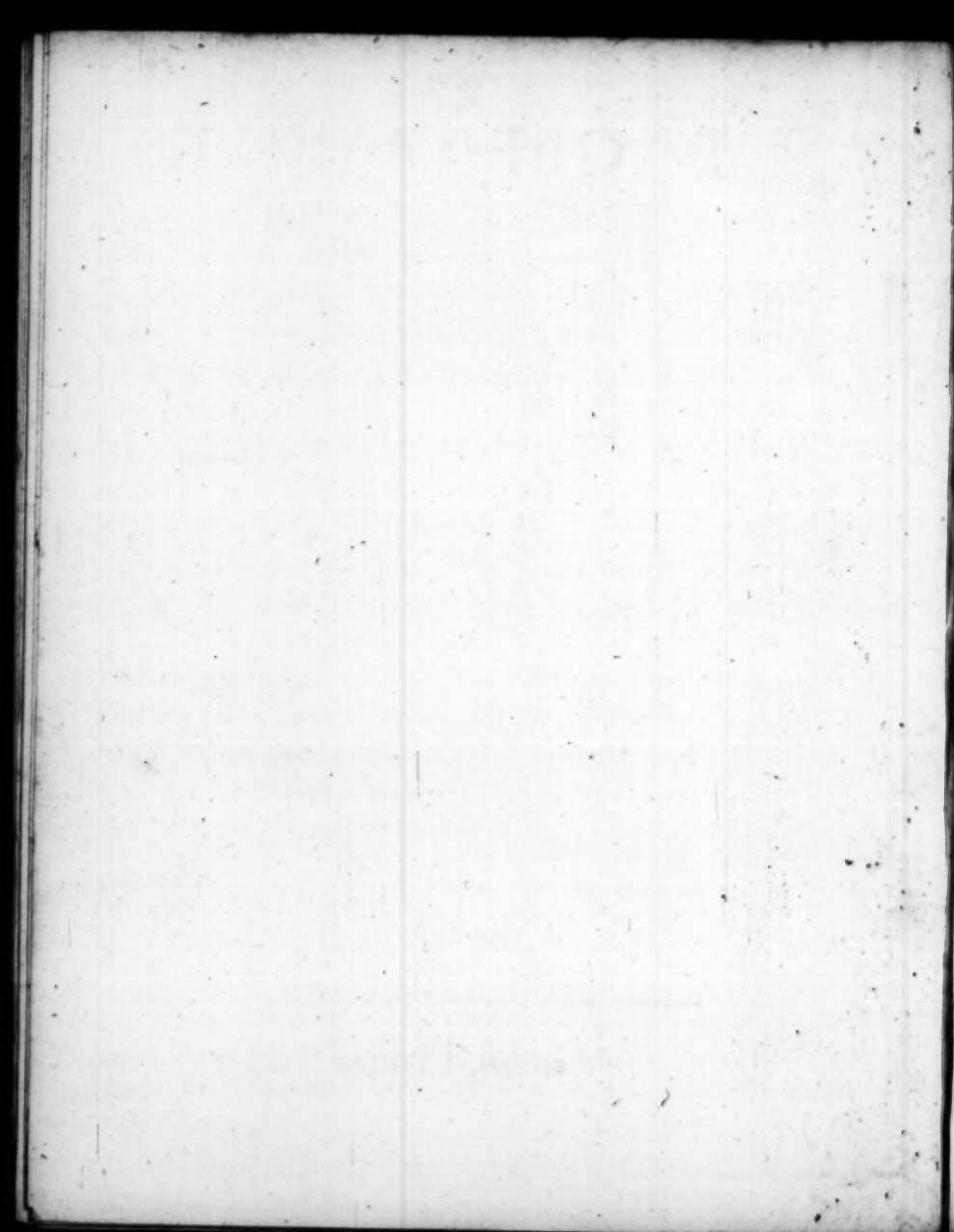
to the Right of the People

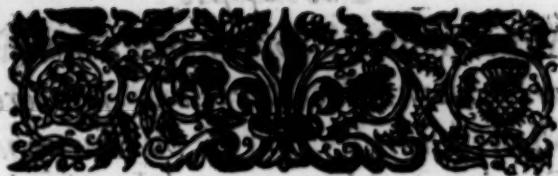
to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People

to the Right of the People





TO
 The Right Honourable,
 and my very good LORD,
FERDINANDO
 LORD FAIRFAX
 Baron of CAMERONE.

Right Honourable;

Her Presse being now
 to rectifie some peices
 of mine, formerly
 mis-recorded, I have
 likewise added this
 old Elegie, and long
 rack'd up in darknesse; dedicating it thus
 with all propriety, since as relating to
 that incomparable **HELD, GUSTAVUS**
 I 3 Adolphus

ADOLPHUS, what name among all our moderne Worthyes, has so neerely followed, into the spur of his triumphant Chariot, as that my good Lord, which both your selfe, and yours, have so brightn'd with many glorious successes. If either the stile be quarrel'd, for high, and difficult; or perhaps the method, as over-fancied, and unusuall; yet when to handle such a conquering, such a covering Cherub, what if invention straine somewhat beyond it selfe; nay though expressions also be strange, and even sometimes preposterous; yet was that labor improbus of the Latins, a very pathetical peice of rhetorick; and thus also was Godfrey of Bulleines mettle upon mettle, such an elegant felicisme, as said him able to refine the most stain'd, to the most honourable bearing. Let it not therefore
inter-

Dedicatory.

63

*intercept your favourable allowance, if
I have taken an untroden path, where
the common roade was disproportionable;
and yet againe, you may please to receive
the tender graciously, as being free from
all unworthy respects; and with much
candor, intending only a discharg of that
duty, which all good men owe your reall
noblenesse; amongst whom, and such as
shall ever ayme at your commands, no
one more affectionately desires to be list-
ed, then*

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

GEORGE TOOKE.

intended your favourable allowance, if
 I have taken an improper path; where
 the manner is not so proportionable;
 and yet again, you may please to receive
 the tender thanks, as being free from
 all unworthy respects; and which much
 candour, intending only a display of that
 duty, which all good men owe your real
 nobleness; amongst whom, and such as
 shall ever come at your command, no
 one more affectionately desires to be list-
 ed, than

Your Obedience

most humble servant

GEORGE TOOKER



THE Eagle-truffers ELEGIE.

F A M E.

CAN *Hamath* then the great, and populous (*a*) *Noe*, & *Or Algaen*,
 Turn into rubble thus: must *Burn* so
 With scatter'd nets of Caterpillers, sup
 The flower of *Lebanon*, and *Bashan* up
 Is all our pompe, but straw and stubble, blown
 Before the wind, ye sons of men take down
 Your swelling sayles, call laughter made, reply
 To joy whar doest thou, howle, & howle ye high
 And mighty Cedars, knowing that your breath,
 Is transient also in your nostrills; Death,
 Implacably the fairest *Eden* turns

The Eagle-trussers

^a See Ezek.
28. 14.

^b *Ita quasi
longevus.*

^c In eight mon-
neths he took
in 80 Cities,
Castles, and
Sconces in Po-
merland, and
Mechlenbourg.
^d Pleadings, or
orations.

^e A kind of
threatning cla-
mour used by
the Romans,
when joyning
battell.

A desolate wilderness, to powder churnes
The most (^a) anointed Cherub; even our great
Gustavus, how invictly whilome set
On his high places, now againe goes lesse,
Acknowledging the worme his brother; this
Victorious *Machabew*, (had he been
But a (^b) *Macrobins*, even a *Constantine*,
It might have trophe'd him,) this chosen shaft,
In his illustrious range, surmounting oft
The highest Eagle; he that measur'd hath
The bridle of our bondage, tyrannous *Goth*,
And all her sisters, with a line of woe,
To plunder and demolish; paying so
The bitter rage, the famine, fire, slaughter,
In *Heidelberg*, and others; this devout
Dread (^c) *Posseccutus*, this high extoll'd,
And eldest son of thunder, now is roll'd
Vp in his leaden sheet; and here so loud,
Oppugning, and tempestuous noyses, crowd
And clash together; such a storme of passions,
Such worlds of (^d) Harangs, broken ejulations,
Ignatian shoutings, (^e) Barrits, burning vowes;
Even such a violent combustion ploughes
The Welking, I can hardly keep my wing.
To paraphrase the which, running this string
A little descant:—

Chorus Hark how *Furie* cries
Victoria, *Harpe* is broken, *Anubelm* flies,
The *Saxons* comply not. Nay this fond
Obstreperous blurt, will boast not having don'd
His armour, yet as loud as if about
To put it off; And then with many a shout

At

At our disaster, irreligious *Gore*,
His nest of (a) *Brigades*, his (b) *Brigado*, whets
Againe to blood and rapine; at whose din,
Both (c) *Vckermound*, and *Paswalk*, peicing in,
Sollicit vengeance; this the Butcher, this
The rigid *Arab*, sleepest thou *Nemesis*?

These are the leaches daughters; then they shed
Innumerable teares, without alas our dread,
Alas our dead *Adolphus*; yet the while
Are these againe so shrill'd, with a shrill,
And crackling laughter, as some wilderness
Of thorns were burning; (d) *Manchum* crying, thus,
Thus would we have it; I, quoth (e) *Ingolstadt*,
Now for your copper King; And hear'st thou not,
How furious a (f) *Vacarm* is joyntly made,
By the fierce Saxon, the victorious Sued,
The Frank, the Finlander? even how they drown
The world with clamor, make the champion groan
Beneath their prauncings? hear'st thou not, I say,
What thundring Canonads, promiscuous bray
Of ratling drums? or how the (g) *Fansar's* rage?
Or how the Fifes? and then what store of sledge
And whistling Lead, with on again, and charge,
And justice, and *Adolphus*? or how large
A throat, pragmaticall *Fgnatin's* sets
Wide open at it? or (h) *Shwendy* beats
The livid aire, with hubbubs? —

Fame. I might stile

The lumber almost deafning, like to *Nyle*

in bataille. g A word of art used by the French for the sound of Trumpets.
h The chiefe Commander of the Boares opposing the Evange-
licalls.

a Of this see fol. 40.

b A Brigade is a body more numerous than a Regiment, sometime as big as two.

c Two towne in *Pomerland*, which after the Citizens had first been tor-tered & ravish-ed, were plundered and burnt by the Imperialists.

d *Manachum*, or *Combedum*, one of the nearest Cities of *Germany* and appertaining to the *Bevari-an*.

e *Ingolstadt*, or *Auriapo-lis*, one of the strongest pieces of *Germany*, where the Je-suits have an Academy.

f The boyte-rounoise of Artifices when

a Perhaps the
correction of
civitas-scelesti,
and accord ing-
ly situat upon a
river named *Ill*.
b Colonell Ge-
nerall of the
Crabbats, or
Cratts, men of
Croatia, the b
being added
for the fuller
sound.

Among his Catadups, still adding that
Of *Scelestads* or *Schlestadt*, (a) situate
With such a bitter brand, of *Saimé-Vill*,
Eusebia, *Ursiburge*, now so dreading ill
To her municip lawes; of (b) *Isolaine*
With his *Crabats*, (or call them else uncleane
Devouring *Harpies*,) and a passionate rabble
Of clamorous others, disproportionable
To my discourse; besides, if weighing well
The dreadfull medley, what nefarious toyle,
May find a perfect, a continued Passion,
Among these broken ends, with fit relation
Claiming the Muses? so that I should here
Be silencing abruptly, yet my deare
Panaretus, must then thy bitter moane,
Passe as a serpent over-glides a stone,
And with no track behind? why maugre all
This strife of tongues, some lucid intervall,
May now and then perhaps, advantage us,
With thee upon his estimate; and thus,
(The noise even now relenting,) now thou cryest,
PANAR. Come Death advance thee boldly, wherfore fleest
Thou such a pretious wretch? I, now thy plaints
Are luculent enough, imposing rents,
Sackcloth, and dust, for beauty, dernings up,
Scarlet, and balme Nay with a tedious troop
Of severall prodigies, thou bid'st the rocks
Diffolve like winters Ice; with inter-shocks,
The marine hills, and cliffs be tumbled o're,
Removing Sea-marks, puzzling all the shore
With creeks, and *Chersomesses*; dost enjoyne
The (c) *Feichtelbourge*, augment his weeping eyne
To

c A Hill in
Over-pate, out
of which, the
Eger, the *Dis-
nus*, the *Sals*, and
the *Nabns*, run
four different
wayes.

To Poes, and Danubius, the Pyramid
 So valuing (a) *Straesburgh*, his æthereall head
 Be now shrunk in with anguish; (b) *Weres* rore,
 As disimbogie even an hundred more
 Then twenty rivers, Bid'st unrip the tyles
 Of sumptuous (c) *Rachine*, thatch now with quils
 Of wrathfull Propentines, or pinions rather
 By Dragons moulted, and with many a feather
 Of rigorous (d) *Aello*; doest condemne
 Her golden-fretted rooms to *Ohim*, *Fim*,
 Iackals and Satyrs; Blendest all the stars
 With flaming (e) *Virelets*, with fiery spears,
 Injoyning (f) *Xiphins*, that his burning brand
 Anew he raging, further still pretend
 To Diadems, and Scepters; and that *Sol*
 Or doffe his golden haire, or in a caule
 Of sad and rusty vapours, wind it up,
 As relatives appertinent to the cup
 Of trembling given us; and with such a grosse
 Of rigorous prodigies our *Swedens* losse
 To sure and simboll. Then with hideous passion
 At the disaster; and in contemplation
 Of what may thence ensue, he bellowes out,
 Alas, alas the while, what resolute
Bonarges left us now, to counterpoise
 The fierce *Gran-torto*? he that so destroyes
 Our Lambs, and Turtles, nay the very Kid
 While in his mothers milk; nay children hid
 Even in their tender (g) *Seconds*, (O my soule,
 Oppose, abhorre his secret.) Look when all
 A tedious *Barnaby*, the Wolfe has lyen
 In holts, and hollowes, as the shades begin

This Tower
 is said to be
 378 paces high.

A Lake in
Gutbid, recei-
 ving into it 24

Rivers, and
 emptying them

all at one
 mouth, with

such a noyse,
 that 'tis named

the Devils
 head.

An Hill in
 the City of

Prague, built
 with many

Noble mens
 houses.

A *Alien* to-
 lent, one of the

Harpies.

Properly such
 swords as have

endented edg-
 es.

Xiphis, bla-
 zing and bea-
 ded stars.

The skin in
 which the child
 at his birth is

wrapped.

To lengthen out, to ruffet every light
 Dis-colour'd object, throughly hunger-bit,
 He waxes gant and grim; and *Sol* once gone
 To the sea-shingle hence for pearle, upon
 His morrow-grasse to melt, rages, and raves,
 Barking at *Cynthia*, tearing open graves,
 And sheep coats; and with many a horrid prank,
 Frighting the Champion; such, and far more rank
 His rage has been; and among mountains rude,
 Of ashes, rubble, shatter'd spars, imbrow'd
 With Rivolets of gore; loe where the broyl'd,
 And crumpled geniusses, of poor dispos'd
 (a) *New-Brandenburge*, of *Tyrsohim*, *Budin*, *Gartz*,
 Infer as much. And thou regret of hearts,
 Deare (b) *Parthenoplis*, imbroder'd late
 With high and bossie work, of Temples great,
 Of aquaducts, of guilds, of bulwarks drad,
 Burles, and (c) *Doels*, and even as turreted
 As *Berecynthia*, how art thou become
 An empty peece in plane, but a roome
 For moles, and wormes to cast in: where alas
 Thy ruddy virgins now? where all the grosse
 Of thy contagious youth, and those thy heads,
 So hatch'd with reverend silver nay which breeds
 Excessive horror, even the sepulchers
 Of very (d) *Princes*, girt with Iron bars,
 And *Palazzado's*, built of massie, tough,
 And boysterous marble, yet are petty proofe;
 Against his hungry clutches, O loe all
 Such impious pillage, rankle into gall;
 Be like the gold of *Tholouse*, or the theft
 Of the (e) *Spinornix*; but alas who left

a Cities burnt
 be the Imper-
 rials.

b *Allie Mar-
 denburge*, the
 City of *Mari-
 dens*.

c Places ap-
 pointed for
 tryall of Ma-
 sterics, especi-
 ally shewing
 the word it self
 signifying *ag-
 gress*. But

d The *Mari-
 quille* of *Os-
 spack* and his
 Ancestors

Tombes rised
 by the *Imperia-
 lists*, who had
 done the like
 also to the
 Duke of *Savo-
 nies* Ancestors,
 if not diverted
 by a ranome
 of 80000 Dol-
 lars.

e Such a Bird,
 as *Spanning*
 came from the
Alkie, carries a
 Coale with it
 to her nest.

To serve this execution? our elate,
 Vnparalel'd *Adolphus*, knew to meat
 Him with the bread of tears; to hamper him,
 Sometime by force, anon by stratagem,
 In some disert unextricable net;
 Where like a savage Bull, he full of sweat,
 Of swarthy soame, of dirt, and ordure base,
 Lay stomachfully plunging; when alas
 Who now I say? —

Fame. But here the generall rout
 Complies againe, and in so vast a shrou,
 With so much horror, rages even to heaven,
 Like twenty *Babels*, that I must be driven
 To spar mine eare up, least her silver drums,
 Be crackt, or rudely beaten out: Nor comes
 Now in my randome, save a jangling farle
 Of mutes, and visibles; save to discourse,
 The miscellaneus, thwart imagery,
 That still Armado-like, within mine eye,
 Floats up and downe; and with innumerable sorts
 Of postures, mines, patheticall depots,
 And ocular relations, up to dresse
 This empty chaime; yet as if all excessse
 Imply'd inconstancy, the lumber here
 Declines already, seising not mine care
 With pristine horror, nay, as climbing up
 Ascents, and hills, abruptly often chop
 Into low vallies, now it sinks so much,
 That I returne me to the further speech
 Of our *Panaretus*, Or wherefore dreame
 I such an ayrie Castle, since for him,
 Loc where distended, at the rotten spot

The Eagle-trussers

Of an old doting Pollard, breathing out
 His last he lyes, nor flexible to speak,
 Save now and then *Adolphus*, or with weak,
 And fumbling voice, perhaps I know not what,
 Of death and *Sweden*; therefore here, my plot
 Must be to change the sceane; I, I, so failes
 The wind in point, that we must veere our sayles,
 And now make ready for another board,
 Hayle the maine boling there, I fo, port hard;
 And sweetest Zephire, with propitious store
 Of fragrant breath, spur up our boate so hore,
 So bright a pace, as *Neptune* also boast
 His *Galaxia*; for some other coast
 Beare up I say, and while we snugly run
 Thus on this second tack, behold how soone
 The virtuous (*a*) *Calasaster*, fully fraught
 With wofull thren's, and now already brought
 Vnder our lee, Pathetickly supplyes
 Mine care againe; I heark how still he cryes,
Calas. Comes al our hope to this: and beating then
 His wofull breast, why lo the man of men,
 Even he whose goodnesse, in his greatnesse fate,
 Like Diamonds in gold; and where of late,
 So many mighty can alledge but words;
 But *Abraham* was our father, or the birds,
 And empty beasts of Heraulds; far beyond
 This shell of poor formality, was crown'd
 With reall noblenesse; he that could do,
 VVhat others but discourse; and oft as two
 Or three left Berries, may be found upon
 A gather'd Olives upmost boughes; was one
 Of our best patterns, nay the most admir'd

a The word
 signifies one
 that has a shrill
 voice.

Exemplar left us, 'is alas expir'd:
 O that some chambering *Fezebel* that toyles
 In search of Philters, Cullices, and Oyles,
 To polish off the skin, and cock the bloud,
 Between him, and the dart of death had stood;
 Or some ignoble soothing *Polype*, who
 Can fit his foot still to the present shooe,
 How grossely patch'd; or death for him had met
 Some purple churle, or hideous monster, set
 Within the scornors chaire; these are the thorns,
 The Bulls of *Bashan*, that with tyrannous horns,
 So dayly charg us; if decorting these,
 We would have sung his dart, hung it with Bays,
 And Garlands; but alas the wicked, still
 Enlarge their lines; encrease their households, till
 They be like flocks of sheep; are fully fed
 With milk and marrow; *Fubal*, and his seed,
 Ingrosse the Lute, the Harp, they shine as stars
 Of the first magnitude: O what deserves
 Vnevitabile justice? where alas,
 In what untrodden rigid wilderness,
 What rough *Cerannian* hills, or sea unknown,
 Is all the thunder spent, there should be none,
 For such a base, licentious, execrable?
 But softly swift, how with this wicked rabble
 Art thou perverted thus? I, hollow hoe,
 And wherefore wretched *Adam*, runn'st thou so
 Stiffe-necked a rebellion? darrest thou cope
 With him, to whom the Nations but a drop
 Are of a Bucket: shall what grasse but grows
 Vpon the house top, and with which who mowes

Certain hills
 of *Epirus* much
 torne with
 thunder.

Fills not his hand, yet quarrell the decree;
 Of him that spans the heavens, and shuts the Sea
 Within his fist: shall weak inferiour clay,
 Prescribe the freedome of the Potter? nay
 Of the Creator? Likewise what if here,
 The wicked often thrive; and houses reare
 Among their desolate places, till the measure
 Of sin be crying full, that they may treasure
 Wrath for the day of wrath: why but a while
 Attend the sequell, and behold they royle
 In dark, and slippery wayes; thou shalt report
 Their blisse a hearth of thorns, whose shine is short,
 Whose crackling empty, or but in compare
 Like to some upland Torrent; and thus are
 The suddaine brooks of desert *Arabia*,
 As soon again exhal'd, fainting the dry
 Approaching *Caravans*. Retract I say;
 For though perhaps they bravely bustle may,
 And branch it here a while; yet when the morn,
 The resurrection comes, to pretious corn,
 They shall be chaffe and tares; then shall our high
Gustavus, and such other zelots, flye
 To and againe, and passe as smartly thorow,
 As sparks among the stubble; then to marrow
 With burning Seraphins, to be decor'd
 With glorious palms, and crowns, o haſt the Lord,
 O blisse without a boſtome!

See the Wis-
 dome of Sal-
 mon, chapter 3.
 verſe 7.

Here againe
 Our *Calasaphes* swallow'd in the ſcene,
 Eternall glories, then to be reveal'd;
 Is ſo become extatically ſeal'd

The Eagle-trussers

75

In silence up, so passionately-lyes
Oppress'd and ravish'd, that it shall suffice,
It leaving him, I rather now declaim
The wofull (a) *Degen heart*, for though at (b) *Znaim*,
Imprison'd rigorously, his grief has yet
Such a Cathedrall voice, as at the grate
I heare him cry,——

Degen heart.

How are we now forlorne

Beyond a comforter? how must I mourne
Like a sad Harp, or loudly howling shalme,
For his interment? he that tore the palme
From all their glorious chiefs, our strength, our stay,
Our royall *Sweden* gone? be this a day
Of dread, of breaking downe, of crying out
To hills, and mountains; VVho shall prosecute
For any temper now? the rigid (ball)
The tyrannous (must,) will now demolish all
Our *Equilibrium*. Now let (c) *Berlin* roare,
And cruddle all her faces milk, with store,
Of brackish water-floods, and thou so toyl'd
Obtrected (d) *Norinberge*, annoint the shield,
Enrage thy Counter-scarp with Demi-Lun's,
With sulphurous horn-works, then even he that runs
May read thy perill (e) *Dresden*, therefore call
For Cement, Engineers, new make thy wall
Of toughest Mill-stones, then inyenome it
With fiery (f) *Serpentins*, with infinite
Both Drakes, and Colverins; see how he layes
For novell Levies, traversing the wayes
Like a swift *Dromedary*, How recreuts
His schattered traine againe, with bloody suites

L 2

Of

a The word
imports an up-
right and sin-
cere person.
b This was
Wallensteins
Castle in Mo-
ravia.

c The *Branden-
burg* chief
city.
d Or *Sagda-
nam*, a famous
Mart towne of
Germany, wa-
tered with the
Pogoria.
e The *Saxony*
chief City.
f The cocks of
pieces, so na-
med of their
serpentine
crookednesse.

a Bohemians & Moravians.

b Two paffes between Prague and Saxony.

c The second paffe.

d Wallstein, fo named of his Dukall City, fittuate between Bohemia and Laſatia.

e Such gentlemen of companies, as receive extraordinary pay.

f The Spaniſh doe extol their Cyds, as we our King Arbut or Guy of Warwick.

g Such as are prefer'd to double payes.

h Such as are both born and bred up in the wars.

i A Holſteiner, Field-Maſſhall to Wallſtein.

k A City in the Palatinate.

l The chief Caſtle in Lapp.

m Two rivers in Saxony.

Of (a) *Quads*, and *Crabbats*; now the rendez-vous
Is made at (b) *Luitmaritz*; now *Gallas* ſhewes
Vs all his angry teeth, marching the van,
As far as (c) *Aufsig*; while that counterpaine
Of *Casars* fury, that immense, renoun'd,
Prodigious (d) *Fridlander*, begirt aroun'd
With *Rodo-monds*, (e) *Apointees*, *Reformads*,
(f) *Cyds* (g) *Duplats*, (h) *Epigons*, and other blades,
Boaſting their chain's, their leaſes, double payes,
Their Belts, their medalls, and the tortious wayes
Of levying them; while this ſuperlative
Dictator ſeconds him; and then ſo drive
Does (i) *Hulke* up with the reere, as muſt infer
A crimſon deluge; beat thy breſt and roare,
Vnhappy (k) *Creutz-nach*, now the noble blood
Of valarous *Craven* and others, whilome ſhed
Among thy breaches, iſſued was in vaine;
Will like the morning dew, be ſoon againe
Evaporated, leaving thee forlorn
To thy late Iron furnace; mourne, ô mourne
Thou hopefull Miſer (l) *Pleyſenbourg*, be don'd
With aſhes ſtill, and many a weltring wound
In ſtead of beauty; tuſh, his Cuyraſſiers
Will quaffe up (m) *Elbe* and *Elſter*.

Fame.

Here with teares

While eke our *Degen-heart* is ſuffocate,
Nor his huge Iron voice articulate,
But thickly rivited with many a yell,
A ſigh, a ſob, that hacks and mangles all
He ſayes to Non-ſenſe; I muſt lightly ſleek
From hence againe, declining him, to ſpeak

The

The mighty thoughts of (a) *Iris*; loe her head
 As tough and masculinely helmeted,
 As e're *Minerva's*; and like her she hands
 A threatenng speare; nor cravenly descends
 By *Swedens* expiration to goe lesse,
 And leave her wing; but roundly does professe
 The side of Iustice; *Ganimedes* bird
 Must render an account, for having stirr'd
 The coales so furiously; restore a throng
 Of glorious pennage, practically wrong
 From the pacifick (b) *Anthè*, (c) *Silvia* sweet,
 The *Dove*, the (d) *Manucodiat*, with a flight
 Of others as deplum'd.

Iris.

Doe doe, recall

Quoth this Virago, (gnashing therewithall
 Her angry teeth,) I, doe but reckon up
 The times of yore, and many a dismall stoup
 Has this indomitable aëry made,
 By many a Titian Vulture, many a glead,
 My breast dilacerating; on reuenge,
 Hang out the bloudy sur-coat; help us change
 Our Pikes, to stings implacable; I come,
 Anoynt their heads, with fell (e) *Doriclincum*;
 And then make ready there; advance the shot;
 So so, now charge him home, poure all your hot
 And hissing lead into his bosome; were
 But *Swedens* Obit to be reckoned for;
 Why yet the dearest soules, and essences,
 Of manyfold Re-publiques, Cities, Princes,
 And mighty Monarchs, in his bosome met
 Concentrically; made it their retreat,

a The flower-
deluce.

b The Halcion.

c The Red-breast.

d Alias Bird of Paradise; or as the word *Manucodiat*, signifies in the *Moluccos* language, the bird of God.

e An herbe used to poyson arrow heads and darts.

Their

Their generall subter-fuge; come then, arise
Thou drad *Adastria*, draw thy blood shot eyes
Vpon this rigorous brood.—

Fame.

But here the late

Impetuous lumber, does importunate
Me deafe againe; so like a multitude
Of many raging waters, every loud,
Each shriller accent drowning; that my verse,
Must now become the second time, a faile
Of mines, of postures, of dilacerate haire,
Hangs wringing, plaudits; many a passionate paire
Of dissentaneous hands, promiscuously
Clapping and wringing. Now must the supply
Be meerely visibles; convitious mowes,
Breasts beaten, gaudy capers;—

Chorus.

At our woes,

Lo there a sort of Drablers, of (a) *Bedees*,
Cast up their caps, and leap, as if the breefe,
The twinging breefe, here likewise had imploy'd
Their little Launcets; then within the wide,

The roomthy tarrasse opposite, behold

a Of a Bidet, a
small Nag op-
on which such
horse-mens
boyes use to
follow their
Masters,
a Bishop of
Wortshburg and
Duke of Fran-
conia, driven
out of his
Country by
the King of
Sweden.

A pravity of monstrous, manyfold,

Crabats and *Courtesans*, so likewise set

Vpon the merry pin, and over-heat

With heady draughts, with brimmers overflow'd,

That wildly vapouring into scuffles, bloud,

And mutuall slaughter; they reflect againe

The drunken *Lapithes*, and *Centaurs*, slain

At *Hypodamias* wedding; Yonder looke

How passionate (b) *Haiselt* bustles, up to stoke

Whole forrests into Bone-fire; which as fast

The

The (a) *Veterans* sad severall Princes, hastes
 To quench out with their tears. Nor these alone
 Dissolve so much, but see where (b) *Pomeran*,
 And eke the (c) *Meehlinbourger*, and even swarmes
 Of Lords, and *Royetelets*, are paying stormes
 To *Swedens* Obire; there behold againe,
 A rablement of shavelings ridentine,
 (Or we may call it Legion else as well,
 For they are many,) there (I say,) withall
 The gods of their *Panthoon*, high and low,
 Even all their Mannetry, their Trinkets, how
 In a triumphant superstitious file,
 (As pleyed as a hedge of thorns the while,
 And as extending,) how they roame about,
 (May we but ghesse by posture,) shrilling out
Fô to mighty *Walstein*, who good man,
 While our *Adolphus* dyed a Laureat, ran
 Indeed most resolutely. Here aloft
 A most stupendious pile, whose aery shaft,
 May play with (d) *Tenerif*, for pike, and place;
 Loc (e) *Eggenbourg*, in a Prospective-glasse,
 Tooting at (f) *Oxenstern*: then have I found
 To lee-ward somewhat, (g) *Quint* and *Aré* wound
 In (h) *Lainez* arms; and now they part, and run
 Gesticulating wildly up and down,
 Like Deere before a tempest; now embrace,
 And newly hug each other; now they dresse
 Their heads with Laurel, now they posting are
 Their many mandats up, for curious fare,
 For Pageants, Bone-fires, Couduits running wine,
 Garment of Trophe-work, and every figure,

a A country
 bordering up-
 on the River
Mayne, divided
 into severall
 Earldoms.

b *Bogislav*, then
 Duke of *Sc-
 tin* and *Pome-
 ran*.

c *John Albert*,
 then Duke of
Meehlinbourger.

d One of the
Cary Islands,
 in height unpa-
 ralleld.

e The Empe-
 rors chiefe
 Counsellor,
 Duke of *Cru-
 man*.

f Lord chan-
 cellor of *Sw-
 den*.

g A Lieu-
 tenant colonell
 under the *Sw-
 de*, who run-
 ning to the e-
 nemy, was im-
 ployed by *Tilly*
 and the Iesuits
 to murder
 him.

h The Iesuites
 perfonated by
Lainez.

OF

a One of the
just pretenders
to the Duke-
dome of Sar-
my, extorted
from his An-
cestors by
Charles the 5.
b A kind of
extraordinary
Iennet, bred
upon the Pire-
nean moun-
tain.
c The horses of
Achilles.
d Feild-Mar-
shall under the
Duke of Sava-
ry.
e Quasiware,
or Waer-mund
verum as. Tom
Tell-troth.

Of an immeasur'd joye; to ballance which,
(And haile thou happy season ushering such
A temper in,) mine eye has likewise spy'd
Where in *Campania* (a) *Weymer* does divide
His conquering grosse, now being in the van,
Now in the reere; and on a (b) *Lavedan*
As *Volteger* as ever (c) *Balius* was,
As ever (c) *Xanthus*; how from place to place
He nimble flies, demonstrating right hands
Sent him from (d) *Anheim*; which so countermands
The deaffning hurley; with a pang of hope
Becalming some; so roughly swallowing up
Some other in distrust, and suddaine feare;
That farewell Mutes and Visions, now mine care
Distinguishes againe; and of the low
Dejected residue, condoling so,
So miser-made at *Swedens* expiration,
Nor to be comforted; does with the passion
Of (e) *Pharamond* present us, such an odd,
A Mister wight, so blunt an Antipode
To ruffling mischiefe; that behold his face
All rigge, and furrow; and his limbs alas
So tenter'd out, and torne, with rods, with racks,
Strapadoes, and the like, my bosome akes,
And trembles at it; nay, though *Pascher* late
Has rent him Sparrow-mouth'd with gagging, yet
He still so lashes out, so renders truth
In all her nakeddies, that full of ruth; [deade
Phar. Is then; quoth he, our mightiest *Sweden*
On vengeance, on, or if thy feet be lead,
Yet halt thou Iron hands; ye bloody crew,
30 And

And of incessuous (a) *Hannibals*, 'tis you,
 'Tis you that did it, if we may prevent
 Thrifidious brewing brothers, (b) *Baptist, Quins*,
 Why yet fine force shall buttner him. O say,
 How being (c) *Stark* by fir-name, dost thou play
 The Storke thus in thy practise? is it not
 To hallow stocks and stones? thy thigh shall rot
 For this adultery; even it whelks away,
 And dwindles hence already, day by day
 Growing more dry, and barren; only sin
 So Wyer-drawes it out, our masculine,
 Our antler fins, prolong thee thus a while,
 As an expedient crucible, to boyle,
 To calcinate us; and his now betray'd
 Our dearest *Sweden*; Sin I say has play'd
 This wofull Pageant, loe the flocks upon
 Our many severall hills, are lately grown
 So course and nauseous, that we must be fed
 Or with exotick simples, or with kid
 Drest in the mothers milk; nay many a meale
 Imployes the grayest Amber; But & tell
 Thou soft Sir *Lachry*, is then the *Mary*
 Incompt and rugged, with his (d) *Talle-Tri*,
 Be these so mainly timber'd? or may these
 A *Pelaw* shield from hot *Hypolites*,
 And her obsequious grins? why then go seek
 For *Sol* in *Tennus*, or show where thick
 (e) *Pirackmen*, tawny *Braves*, forge their hot
 Tempestuous Thunder-bolts: No no, complote
 We temperance rather; let the cooke, declind
 To such a *Mors in Olla*, who can find

A great Eye
 of four wings,
 and among se-
 verall vices, be-
 ing an Emblem
 of over hot
 marriages, such
 as the *Austrian*
 Princes use.
 b Captain of a
 horse-troop, A
 joynt conspira-
 tor with *Quins*,
 for the murder
 of *Cassius*.
 c The fir-name
 of the *Austrian*
 Emperors. See
Vorsigen.

d A name by
 which *Catagene* has it,
 signifying from
 the strength
 and valour of
 the old Earle of
Archebis.

e Two of the
 cylopes.

a A French dish
compounded of
severall ingre-
dients spiced
together.

b Who watered
his garden
herbs with
wine and heny.

c The drought
after drunken-
nesse, the after-
thirst.

d That part of
the palate in
which the tast
remains.

e The word fig-
nifies drinking.

f Temperate
feasts, and voyd
of excess.

Vnnaturall births, luxurious (a) *Haabes* out, lo bñA
As *Anah* did his Mules; let him be brought iT
At length upon the weights, and voyded hence,
Where (b) *Aristaxenus* at such expence, by ydW
His Lettice waters, or *Papea* bright, y) gaind wofH
And *Clappara*, quaffed their exquisite, sh edto2 edT
Their sumptuous *Unions*; I, wee howle and roare,
At *Swedens* death, but let us sin no more, sh to1
Our sin has stain him, and indeed is wrought, nA
To such an awlesse *Belial*, every draught, gnwtoD
Commits a severall health, we looke the wine/ o2
For *Caprials*, and for *Babies*, then decline the wO
Our Virgin vowes, with let *Dyans* swell, qps as eA
As *Jordan* does in harvest; when if well, sh to1
Observing the successe; tis full of staves, sh to1
Of babling, wrath, of wounds without a cause; iT
Of *Paliardise*, and to bring up the reere, nA
(c) *Eluchus* turning, with a brand of fire, nA
Invades the (d) *Cephelina*, Full happy thought, to
Great *Ab'suerus*, and could wee but plough, sh to1
Once with thy Heyfer, if our sanctions were, nA
Like those of *Medes*, and *Persians*, to deterre, nA
To seare, to lanner, to lop off, this would teach, nA
Vs *Hester* also, where we now but reach, sh to1
To sensuall (e) *Vassi*, but our Lawes neglected, nA
As *Struthions* doe their eggs, or to be suck'd, nA
By *Foxes*, *Wolves*, or trodden day by day, sh to1
Among the feet of swine, I, let me say, sh to1
Thrice happy *Sweden*, maugre all the rage, nA
Of our licentious *Mars*, who kept the sage, nA
(f) *Nephelia* To precisely, clenching such, nA

Examples in us: *Fame* Hitherto the speech

Of *Pharand* distinct enough, and plaine,
Was now cut off, abruptly drown'd againe,
By loud and squeling *Claudia*; one who late
As stupidly bentu'd, as muffled late,
As merkeft midnight, or the quondam fire
Of dying *Ephigenia*; but with ire,
Her vaile and precious tresses; (or be bold
To call them braydes, and bendélets of gold,)
Now passionately rending, she replies,

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, he has of all oureyes
The comfort, the *Collirium*, even the breath
Of all our nostrils; so the sons of *Heb*
Oppugning, as might even applause infer
Super-superlative: but then, O where
The requisite returne, and what the fruit
Of his travell; all his resolute

Assaults; and (a) *Alagarady*; *Bachadnez*

The Babylonian; had for conquering *Tyre*
An *Egypt* given him, thou my dearest drad;

Not a (b) *Clevarium*; how exagited
For truth, and justice; with the daily tort

Of *Sang-reall*; *Arbitus*; *Male-effore*;
How sore afflicted; Nay with urges more,

When being trump, why yet cut off before
The game were consummate; impell'd away

From such a doore of hope, to be the prey
Of death and darknesse; so deserted is

The splendid; the mellifluous (c) *Hypants*
To Vultures iniquitations; trusted all

^a Suddaine
incursions and in-
cursions,

^b A donative of
studied buskins
given to soul-
dicars.

^c A river of
Scythia, con-
taminated by the
influx of a bir-
ter riller.

M a

With

The Eagle-trussers

With Negromantick herbes, and by the gale,
 The perbreake of *Enanthe*, putrified
 From all his noblesse; thus I say decry'd,
 And like a threed of silver, rippl'd out,
 Among the puzzels, the portents, about
 Inclement *Caucasus*, O flow my teares,
 Deep calls to deep, and the most candid eares,
 Are deafe with water-spouts; I such as at
 The last grand Session, shall with heads clate,
 Iudge Men, and Angels; jec'd as refuse are,
 Outed these tempests Channels, to the bar
 Of tyranny converted off, and flaine
 All the day long; alas the while, in vaine
 They cleane their hands, their hearts they bootlesse
 With innocence

Pharao, But how it is thou risest

Distemper'd woman, here quoth *Pharao*,
 (Raising his voice againe, how lately drown'd,
 Above her elating sharps;) thou wretch as lame,
 In thy deport, thy patience, as thy name,
 O how is it I say, thou dost so roare,
 So wildly kick like a rebellious Core
 Against the pulchre; up up thou *Libbard*, up,
 Reforme thy freckled hide; if *Fullers* sope,
 (Some call it eke *Cymeline* earth,) if this
 Wash not effectually, take *Herbs-a-grace*,
 In penitentiall teares infusing it,
 And tis enough absterfive, makes as white
 As garden-Lillies: Why the righteous here,
 Must weather many a bitter storme, and beare
 The parching heat, the burthens of the day,

Like

Like *Balsome*-trees, and *Larches*, must display
 Their worth among their wounds; Look as the brave
 East-Indie-man, transpierces many a wave
 That Bando-like assailes him; nor declines
 His great intendment, for the torrid lines
 Malevolence, or doubling such extent
 Of many a fore-land, many a prominent,
 And tedious cape; till up at length he beare
 With *Teprehans*, or *Fans*, taking there
 His precious lading in; such must they be
 Here under sayle; And in this worldly sea
 If *Serens* tempt thee, these with upward faire,
 Are downward fish; an interdicted paire,
 A wicked miscelane; It perhaps withstood
 By tyrannous Whales; who tumble up the flood,
 And boyle it like a Cauldron; or else run
 Thy course, through (a) *Calentures*, (b) *Thurallidons*,
 Or barking *Scylla's*; yet if knowledge steere,
 Zeale whistle in thy sayles; thou saugly beare
 Shalt up despite of al; imristly stem
 The strongest setting tydes; and leaving them,
 With the tedious cape of hope, behind
 At length to lee-ward; for a terrace lead
 A place of fading merchandise, be freight
 With matchlesse blisse, with an exceeding waight
 Of endlesse glory; And our royal *Swade*
 Exemplifies it, by the triple head
 Of *Gryon*, with his infinitely rade,
 And as outrageous heads, as heretofore
Briareus boasted of, though long beset;
 Yet bearing up into the very gate,

a Burning fe-
 vers of *Caba*.
 b The stormy
 North-east
 wind, *Alis* 17.

The Eagle-trussers

Of all his foets, will lastly from a cloud
Of radiant victories, and trophies, strow'd
Along the world; his spirit curry'd up
To that divine, ———

Fame. But here the catadup

Of noyse againe; so passes all beliefe,

Chorus. That loe *Cleoritus* to blaze grieve,

Stentor his joy; loe how they swell and stare,

And with their straining shoot as red, as are

The cheeks of *Bucchanals*; Nay further eke,

See *Bulbus-head* the Boare, how Heyfer-like

He wildly gambols, often howling out

His brutish jollity the while no doubt,

In that same savage note, by woodmen us'd

Among their Deere, but al in a confus'd

Obstreperous medley swallowed; Yonder then,

(For I must stent of this same cha me again,

With mutes, and vision,) see where (*ay Gressmanner*)

And *Trachinotus*, (in nature rigger,

More Giant then in name;) see how they buzz,

And croak in *Caesars* care, proscribing thus,

Innumerable innocents; And still so thwart,

So crossly runne the Dice, I must impart

Vpon another coast, the Turtle true,

Faire *Basilisk*, weltering in a dew

Of briny teares; even all her beauteous face,

Besprent with water-galls; and now alas,

Which irks me deeply, to the groans and grieves

Herselfe into a wound; Now redoubts

In ghastly manner, newly sinks away,

Is daw'd againe; woe worth the dismal day

That

a Two Syco-
phants in chief
favour with the
Emperor Fer-
dinand.

That I must leave her thus, for now that old
 Sexaginary (lately so befool'd,
 To batter down his blood,) with many a band
 Chops in between us; now they make a stand,
 And (A) *Farenbach*, with other Leaders, joyned
 In *Phirrick* rounds, now with the *Mattachine*
 In armour jove it; now that fly of court,
 Prodigious (b) *Ossa*, tickling at the sport,
 In a deep eglest, of *Corinthian Brasse*,
 Healt's it to *Caspar*.
 Fame. But to touch and passe,
 To certifie by lips, and transiently,
 Being my sole desigae, here passing by
 These lusty *Lameches*, and their gaudy *secane*,
Chorus. See yonder also, neer the mantling *Rhane*,
 How while *Zelotes*, goes about to slave
 The *Heidelbergers* tun, as but a wave
 In our late shipwrack, see how *Zassenbeck*
 The trouper, charges him with many a steek;
 While *Grossendorff* his brother, infernally
 Lyes sucking at the spigot, next mine eye
 (No longer trading with so coorse a payre)
 Among councorous others, far and neere
 Pressing for notice, singled has the bright
 Illustrious *Clari-dame*, and while a cye
 Of abler pens, will yet supinely sleep,
 Fly silly Muse, canst thou not fly, then creep
 To do her service; (this the royall *Queen*,
 Not broking up a momentary shine,
 From Jewellers, and druggists, which at night
 Must be put off againe, her red and white,

Her

At first an
 Ingenier under
Wallstein, after
 by degrees a
 colonell.
 First a follow-
 er of the count
 of *Hanaw*, after
 employed to le-
 vy *Cisars* con-
 scriptions.

One of the
 condition of
 the treaty
 from several
 of the
 to take away
 those which
 one finding
 several times
 that they
 should be
 to be made

The Eagle-trussers

Her Jewels are so rich, so paragon,
 So deeply set, that doubly they renown
 Her to bee radiant, as without, within;
 And like the robe, on both sides ful of fine
 Discoulour'd needle-work, so *quondam* voted
 To *Fabius Sifera*, yet to be noted
 With a blacke cole, such is the partial world,
 That while innumeros others, weare the pur'd
 Sweet buds of Roses, out alas her head
 With woful Willough, Yew, and Cypresse sad,
 Is tyrantz'd; I such the sober state
 Of flesh and bloud, that al disconsolate,
 See how she folds her armes; now looks to heaven,
 As crying Lord alas; how was he given
 A prey into their teethe; now with a hand
 Exactly chambleted; and porcelain'd
 With white and blew, her pen she does imploie,
 To melt our dead, her dearest *Orwell*,
 At the *Mad-bay*, yet now againe forbears,
 Because the paper fuggish is with tears,
 And swallows al impression; now she goes
 To yonder Temple, with religious vovves
 That she may deprecate our further harme,
 And close behind her, many a woful swaine
 Of (a) *Evangelicall* Now makes a stand,
 From several draughts, palliour'd here to *penhand*,
 Choosing his *Conspiration*
 Enlarg me thus, and *royallme my quill*
 With *more of her*, but as *Celestiall newes*
 Here interposes, may perhaps excuse

a One of the
 conclusions of
Lippich was that
 both *Calvinists*
 and *Lutherans*,
 to take away
 those distincti-
 ons kindling so
 much hatred
 should joyntly
 be thus named.

PH

My

My selfe a while, for yonder massie cloud,
Giving such fire, (so doubtlesse) full of lowd,
And bellowing Meteors; loe how from between
The darksome pleyts thereof, a *Cherubin*
Now gently stoops, with healing on his wings,
To poor *PANARIUS*, by severall pangs,
And rigid passions, hewn so lately down
Into the daze of death. The hideous swoon,
Now in a clammy deale of mist and gum,
Was setting both his eyes, an Icy creame,
Remissely floating over all his face,
Implacably protended; froze the pace
His pulse so long had run; and every wheele
Within him, now began to sur, and feel
An earthy dulnesse; when behold (I say,)
The starry leech, has with a fragrant May,
This sad December outed; new has wound
His pulse, and all his Organs up, as found,
As strong, as high, as ever; So the snake,
His slough, his heckle moults, his ancient beak,
The royall Eagle. After whose recover,
Loe how the glorious post does backward hover,
In boughts, and wind-laces; nay with a poynt
Now made againe, into the sable tent,
From whence his stooping, has entirely dasht
All our clamitants, and all abash'd,
Loe how they trembling stand, and full of fire,
Shot (as it seems) from many a sulphurous fire
Of the Celestiall Cannon, Which in fine
Or being cloy'd, or moulted else againe
To their first principles; about mine care,

The Eagle-trussers

Inſiſt (I ſay,) our *Redevirns* here,
 One comming from the dead, may preſuppoſe
 The nobleſt demonſtrations; On with thoſe
 Thy ſcatter'd *Elegiacks*, do, proceed;
 No Dog now moves his tongue, the broken reed,
 The poor *Panaretus*, in ſuch a glade,
 So whiſt a ſilence, doubtleſſe may perſwade
 Incomparable Rights, and Exequies,
 To *Swedens* herſe. And heark, how loud he cries,
 How lamentably loud ! —

Pauar.

Alas for him,

Who like a brave *Alcydes*, could eſteem
 It all his bliſſe, to roame about the world,
 Conſounding Monſters, buſſeting the curld
 Preſumptuous browes of Tyrants; Why but ſearch
 His generall conduct, his victorious march;
 And when at (*a*) *Uſedooſe*, *Rugen*, (two, of thoſe
 Prodigions quarrels, that *Egeon* choſe
 Of yore to ſhoot at heaven,) when there hee drew
 His active heat, (*b*) *Torquato Comy* ſlew
 (Induring nor the teſt,) to ſuddaine aire;
 Nay, daring *Papenheym*, *Hnlke*, *Altringer*
 So great a Maſter both of Pike and pen,
 Nay tyrannous *Tſcherclaes*, *Gallas*, *Wallenſteine*
 That great *Diſſator*, ſhining all how bright,
 Yet as inferiour Planets, loſt their light
 At *Swedens* *Helick* riſing. All their wayes
 Were deep and furious, as the north-weſt Seas,
 And full of grilly ſhapes; of Morſes, Whales,
 Grim Unicorns with Adamantine ſcales,
 Aud horrid *Gram-puſſes*: yet our Auguſt

a Two Iſlands
 in the *Baltrek*
 Sea, neere to
Straleſunde.

b Generall of
 the Imperiall
 forces in *Pa-*
merland at the
 King of *Swed-*
ens arrivall.

Adolph

Adolphus

Adolphus, knew to baffle their so vast
 Insidious heat, their knittest practises
 To ravell out; Or wherefore name I these?
 Since from our present ages height, survey
 But that behind thee; search but far away,
 Where all the hills, and steeple-tops, are clad
 With blewish Land-schap; but where *Elis* stood,
 (Even at the furthest t'other end of time,)
 Or *Troy*, or *Sparta*; and behold their prime
 High-writ Heroes, came no nearer to
 His celsitude, then rough-hewen models doe
 Their Archetip's; then does the Belgick card
 A Lyon fierce, or *Italy* compar'd
 With a neat timber'd leg. And this the Chiefe,
 Whose late decease, (what have I said? come grief,
 Come desolation, come,) even whose decease,
 Has deeply drench'd us in the wretchednesse
 Of many waters; now the bread of tears
 Must be our dayly food, our sauce, the jeares
 And taunts of them without. Alas alas,
 What gloomy tropes, what lamentable dresse
 Of severall figures, may declaime our low
 Precipitate condition? Now, & now,
 Let squalid *Pisces*, and *Aquarius* raig;
 And all the racks conjoyntly drive amaine;
 From south, and south-south-east; making the clung;
 The toughest season'd timber, the most strong,
 And rankest Marble; or else further yet,
 Even flint, and Iron-stone, dissolve and sweat,
 Be full of drops and tears; a complement
 Yet poore and flat, of far inferiour hint

The Eagle-trussers

* See the Epist.
Dedicatory.

To the diaſter, out alas my head,
My heart, my heart, why even the ſoveraigne *Swede*,
The covering * *Hain*, the Lion of the North,
That quinteſſence of Kings, is batter'd forth
His wondrous conduct. Let the Trumpet rend
It ſelfe with ghastly groans; the Drum deſcend,
And languish from his mettel'd ruffe, and roule,
To a dead march; —

a *Puella Gale-*
ſtis.

Fame. I, quoth the heavenly ſoule,
The deare (a) *Amalaſwenſtha* by him ſer,
Nor longer keeping ſilence. —

Amal. Let, & let,
Our Volies ſo conſolidately dreſt
With Muſkitads, with many a boyſterous breſt
Of Colverin, and Cannon, at the ſtreſſe
That hills and regions tremble, thoroughly preſſe
How deare we held him, ſo condempnly choak
The ſky with pillars, curls, and clouds of ſmoak,
That by producing thunder, may wiſh vaſt
Outragious cracks, and roarings, on the laſt
Stretch our obſequious fare-well, to the ſtain,
Vnparaleld, undaunted, —

Fame. I and then
Quoth our *Pamorus*, as paſſionately
Here piecing with her. —

b Of this hill
ſee fol. 54.

Pam. I, and then quoth he,
Yee (a) *Phyſelburgen* echoes, neere diſtraught
With the prodigious noyſe, ſo tender our
Your clamorous voices, bounding it in groſſe

Vp

Vp to the *Graian Alpes*, that also those
 Your sisters there, may with their mighty throats,
 Transport it over to the hollow grots,
 And browes of (a) *Hemus*; and so taking post
 By shady (b) *Pelon*, to the forked crest
 Of widely sung *Olympus*; being still
 Thus dictated, I say, from hill to hill;
 Our wondrous vollies, at the length may seize
 Extended *Taurus*, that Metropolis
 Of resonancies; and in savage dens,
 Deep foggy Cisterns, hollow woods, and glins;
 Among un haunted moisie Riffs, and Rocks,
 And ragged precipices, even where flocks,
 Nay worlds of shrill promiscuous eccho's, may
 So farther thicken, reboar, and bray,
 The hideous din; that like a torrent fierce,
 Still rushing on, the spacious universe,
 From *Inde* to frozen *Thuly*, with sonore,
 And vast expressions, never known before,
 Solemnize an interment so replest,
 With hideous consequents. —

Amal.

Even a defeat

Replies *Amalaswenst*, so grimly checking,
 Nay Mating Millions; Looke as at the breaking
 Of some extended broach, or beetle-brow,
 From hoary *Caucasus*, observe but how
 While headlong often grasing here and there,
 It rends and furrowes up, both bush, and bryer;
 Both branch and blade, inabarking multitudes
 In the Mal-heur; thus ominously boades
 Our *Swedens* expiration; thus, & thus,

a A hill in
Thracia, six
 miles high.
 b A hill in
Thesaly.

The Eagle-trussers

In gulphes of griefe, as broad as bottomelesse,
 Implunging in finities. O that the wombe
 Had smother'd me before my birth, in dumbe
 And silent darknesse; now the glorious face
 Of our designe, shall dwindle in disgrace,
 And gather blacknesse. Come come, let us fly
 My deare *Panaretus*; me thinks I see
 The Reliques of our butcher'd Saints, as throwen
 And exprobatly scambld up and downe,
 As chips at cutting wood——

Fame, With fell affright,
 The Roses in her face, now Lilly white
 Beganne to languish, and she startled up
 Distractedly; her anker-hold, her hope
 Now drove amaine; when loe *Panaretus*
 In sweet and pretious compellations, thus
 Rejoynes with her anew:——

Panar. Bur tell me then,
 Shall such a man as I, turne back againe
 Leaving the Plough; shall wee that reckon'd are
 For beams, and pillars, of the Militar;
 And Orthodoxall Church, ignobly swerve,
 Moulder, and leave it thus? why but observe,
 And he that sowes in rivolets of teares,
 Shall after reap in joy; who weeping bears
 His precious seed, and thus in season out,
 Shall doubtlesse come againe, and with the shout
 Of those in harvest, bring with him his sheaves;
 Retract, retract I say, o how it grieves
 Me for thy fear, thy fall, collect thy self.
 And let us bravely sink both first, and self,

Im-

Impatiencie pre-supposing; steeple-deep
In the spring-tide of zeale.

Fame.

Here 'gan she weep,
And chatter like a Crane, hiding her head
In a black Cypresse Wimple; while the sad
Panaretus, pitching his eyes a'spar

Vpon the ground, does intr'mly prefer
A Seane of silence; giving so much line
To recollection, and the discipline,
Of sundry second thoughts, that as the fruit,
The sequell, of this intermitted mute

Parenthesis, from her dejected stoup,
See now at retriue, how she heighthens up,
Gathers, and grows againe; her beamy brow

Late in a Cypresse Lanthorne muffled, now
Shines as of yore; and every principle
Of holinesse, e're-while within her soule;

Remissely drooping; rowles now againe,
And like a Giant when refresh'd with wine,
In her so strongly races, raignes so cleare;

That even become as brave and bold, as e're
The wife of (a) *Lapydeth*, her fiery zeale

Thus vents it selfe.

Amale. O how doe we reveale

Our sexes many weaknesse, and wounds;

Yet so the good *Samaritan* infunds

His soveraigne Wine, and Oyle; that now goe to,

Bring forth the rods, the beastes, the wheelies, I doe

Now feare, and cur, and kill; let me be made

A lighted torch, a *Sarmentarian* sad,

At *Rome* night-revells, doe doe, string your whips

With

a Or *Deborah*,
see Iudg. 4. 4.

One bound up
in Seare-cloth,
like the staffe
of a torch, and
in other such
materials, stiff-
ned with wax,
and fired at the
bottom with
brush and dry
twigs: in Latin
Sarmenta.

The Eagle-truffers

With Scorpions, Asps, or somewhat that out strips
 Their venome far; I, bring the fury-full
Buſirian horses, the *Perillan* Bull,
 Or exquisiter torments, yet my trust,
 My treasure there is laid; where neither rust,
 Nor moth, nor theife, nor tyrant,

Panar. Glorious dame,
 Virago-royall: the diviner flame
 That on thee so much fortune confers,

Establish it relentlesse, as the bars
 Of an imperiall Palace; never time
 More pressing then the present, of so grim,
 Precipitate condition; And awake

Thou right hand of the Lord, up up, and take
 Thy former strength againe; why do'st not thou
 Turne *Moab* to thy wash-pott: cast thy shoe
 Out over *Edom*? Fast their Princes make

In links of Iron; and their Nobles break
 Like to the *Pontre* vessels: Vp I say,

And bare thine arme againe, as in the day
 Of *Zer* and *Or*, or of those that had

Their punishment at *Endor*, and were made
 Like dung upon the earth; Was it not thou?

Of yore by whom the *Hebrins*, even a few

Denided Gilly (a) Gersie, although in their head
 But a blind *Ziska*; balled so the spread

Presumptuous Eagle, and her severall young,

How sharp their pounces? and another strong

Affection of thy valiance, was it not

Thy dexterous managing our pike, and shor,

That when the Spanish *Charles*, was lately growne

So

So high and supercilious, melted down
 His pertinacy, worshipping him to flye
 In raine, and darkness, precipitiously
 Among the ragged mountains ? take ô take
 Thy former strength againe, awake awake,
 And buske thy selfe to battayle; thou alone
 Maugre his furious brand, hast lately slaine
 The gyant (a) *Tscherelaes*; and 'twas thou that did'st
 That *Rodoment* the (b) *Fridlander*, amidst
 His iron men defeat; ô shew thy power,
 Thou art our fort, our moat, our counter-mure,
 Our totall confidence; ———

Fame. But halloe, here

The deaff'ning tempest, does againe so reare
 It selfe, in monstrous pillars interwound;
 A thousand Drums (a) pirading, might be drown'd
 And swallowed in't; I, such the noyse, so fell,
 As tozes all the Welkin, makes it boyle,
 Like Oyntment in a pot; What shall I say,
 Alas my wings so palpably decay,
 So fiercely ruffled are, and ravel'd out,
 In the combustion, that I much misdoubt
 Some crosse Catastrophe; and by fine force
 If beaten from my pitch, shall but disperse,
 For a redundant, Elephantine book,
 These petty fragments; ô, the furious shock,
 The horrible disgust! Farewell, farewell;
 My perspectives, my wings, are with so fell
 Distraction tugg'd and wearied; all my dresse,
 So puzzl'd is, and shatter'd, with the streffe

a Count of
Tydt Lieut.
 Generall to the
 Duke of *Sava-*
ria.

b The Ducall
 title of *Wal-*
stein.

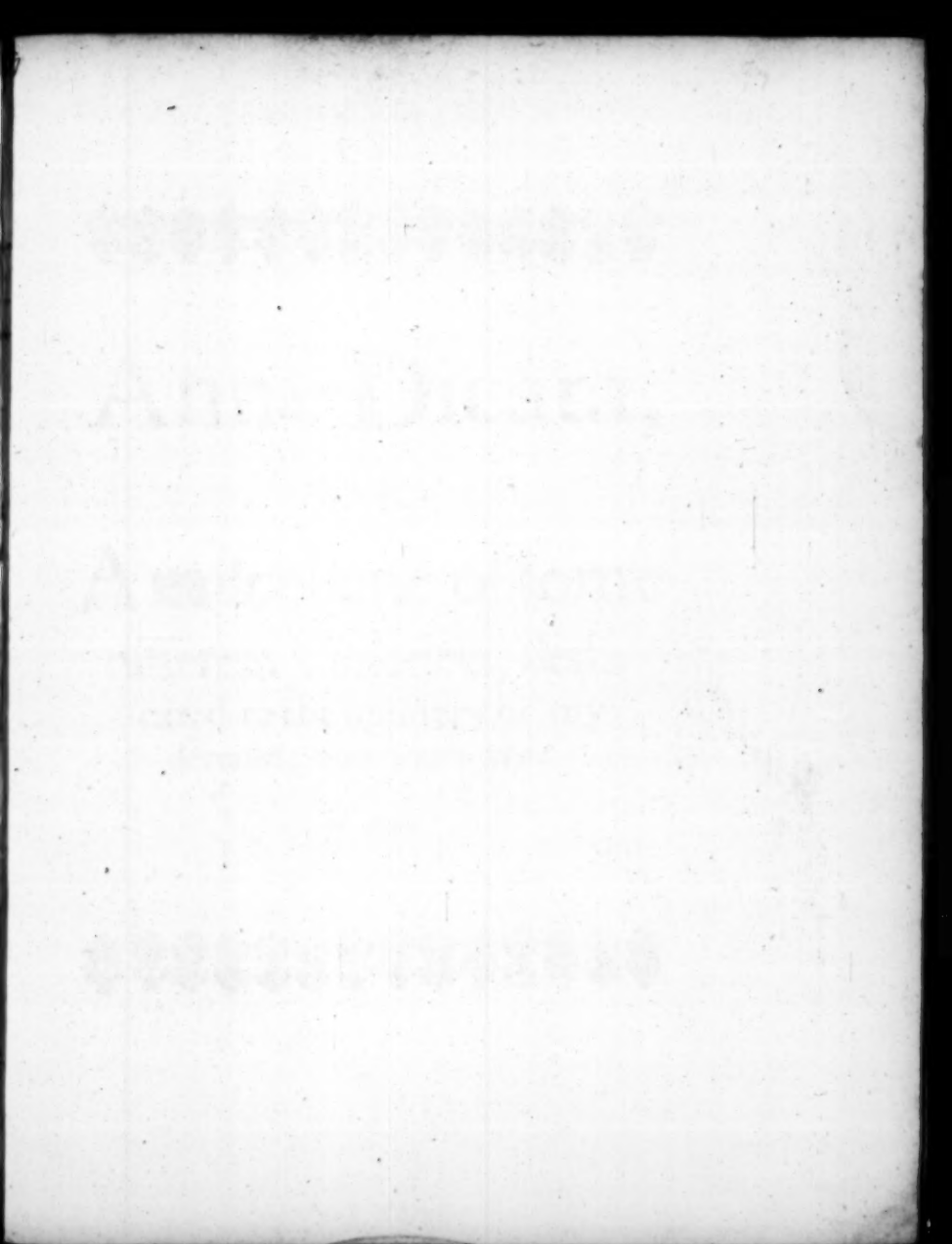
c A setting the
 watch, an uni-
 ting of many
 companies into
 an entire gross.

The Eagle-trussers Elegie:

Of many furious *Typhons*; that unfit
To weather out the worke, I here submit:
Descending back, to prompt the bustling brothers,
Nat' Butter, *Gallo-belgicus*, and others.



Annæ



34

The Englishman's Boy

By the author of "The Englishman's Boy"

London: Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., 15, South Street, 1854.

Price 1s. 6d. per volume.



Annæ-Dicata,

O R,

A miscelaine of some

different cansonets, dedi-

cated to the memory of my

deceased, very Deere Wife,

ANNA TOOKE,

of Beere





Anna-Diana

OR

A miscellane of some

different cantones, dedi-

cated to the memory of my

deceased, very Dear Wife

ANNA DICKER

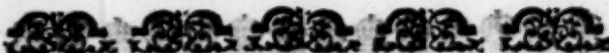
of Dorset





Loves labor lost.

A Las how often by some Rillets side,
 With heavy bosome have I trod the Meads,
 And finding them with grasse and Christial beads
 So trimly cluster'd, thus began to chide:
 Yee want nor dew to sledge your verdant quills,
 Nor western wind to fanne the Summers heate:
 Shoots not the Soyle from yon superiour hills,
 To make your clovers fragrant, and compleat?
 With store of soveraigne blooms are ye not drest,
 And studded thick? or does not many a Swan,
 And many a Nayad, that even ravish can
 With pretious modulations, speake you blest?
 But then what makes such store of Willough here?
 Why foster yee this badge of discontent?
 Me thinks you should some nobler Pendant weare,
 The Palme, fat Olive, or the Laurell Gent':
 I say, since happy, and so highly blest,
 Me thinks ye should converse with plants of grace;
 And like a Lady tricking up her face,
 With Pearles and Rubies be, not pebbles drest.
 Fie, fie, dismisse this Livery forlorne,
 Confine it to some craggy mountaine top,
 Or barren Defart, where it may be worne
 With more propriety; or since my hope
 In Seas of sad dispaire is tofs'd and torne,
 And dayly drencht with many a rigid billow,
 Passe it to me; give me your wofull V Villough.
 Deare,



The Redundant Lover.

DEare, since we parted, never did I see
 A beauteous Summer fly, or fancy pyed,
 Or garden-bed, or Plume, or Pleasure, dyed
 With daintier coulours, but I thought on thee.
 I never heard a more melodious note,
 Attain'd a delicater touch, or ought
 Of better worth; but 'twas a present quote
 Of thy perfection, thou wert in my thought.
 Nay since familiar to remember things
 By contraries, by black, white; Saints, by Devils:
 To this end have I even made use of evils;
 And to my mind each loathsome object brings
 Thy purity; dearest my loves intention,
 Makes every thing that is, to make thy mention.

*Of the Com-
 mon-Law.*

Of the Common-Law.
THE Law, like *Esope*, is exterior show
 Is harsh and homely; but each man inclin'd
 Laboriously to sift it, till he know
 With what delight, the inner side is lin'd;
 Will vouch it pleasing is, was *Esope* mind:
 'Tis sweet, but does in rugged phrases dwell,
 'Tis like a Pearle, hid in an Oyster-shell.

Did



The Pious Turtles.

D I d Heaven but gently to my wish reply,
 Lo thus would we converse my lovely deare;
 I say thus would we live while being here;
 And when to part from hence, thus would we dye.
 Vpon some shady, sandy, higher ground,
 Where the sweet birds should warbling musick give,
 And at whose foot some pittering Rillet wound,
 Like *Baucis* and *Philemon* would we live.
 Our clothing should be warm, and new, and neate,
 Not costly, nor too curious; and our dyet,
 Though plentiful and good, yet free from riot;
 Nor adding thirst to drink, nor lust to meat,
 No viperous envy, nor ambitious dreams,
 No care to pay some griping Landlord rent,
 No clamorous wealth, of many ploughes and teams,
 Should interrupt the calme of our content.
 Our handy labour should be sole adrest
 To the well husbanding of Hops, and Bees:
 Or to some Orchard, where the fruitfull trees
 Strove w^{ch} should yield the most, and w^{ch} the best,
 Nay borne by faith upon her lofty wings,
 We would beyond this under earth endeavour,
 Conversing with divine invisable things;
 Living and loving so, we might live ever;
 And when death came at length, to play his prize;
 Depart in peace, closing each others eyes.

P

Thou



Love and Counsell

THou youthfull art, and fair; well clad, and fed,
 And flatter'd too no doubt: yet dear be sure,
 That these inducements make thee not secure;
 For with thy birth, thy death was also bred.
 Thy birth infer's thy buriall; all the space
 A mortall does above the ground converse,
 He does but climbe his execution place;
 'Tis but a lingering passage to his herse.
 Observe a skull, out at whose rotten ports
 The wormes hang down, and in a hundred year,
 Such as that is, shall thou and I appeare;
 Cold, darknesse, silence, must our sole consorts,
 And the raw wormes our richest earings be,
 Which I entreat remember well, and me.



The Heavenly Climax.

MY lovely dearest, when I but survey
 The curious building of thy house of clay,
 The musick of it, and contend the while,
 Who 'tis that dwells in such a precious pile;
 I find a soule so nobly there discoursing,
 Distributing so virtually her powers,
 That straight it leads me to that Lord of ours;
 Such strange invisable mysteries inforcing:
 And I conclude, if on the center base,
 Such goodnesse, such perfection he discloses,
 How is the circle then adorn'd, the place
 Where he upon his heavenly throne reposes?
 Or how is he himselfe both good, and great,
 That when they were nor, gave all these a making;
 That being, gives them order, nor forsaking
 His Creatures, keeps both it and them compleate.
 And then in contemplation of so vast
 A world of wonders, here againe I rouze
 My spirit neere confounded, and in haste,
 Falling full lowly prostrate, pay my vows.

*Of Friends and Friendship.*

AS Dice run most by paires, and shun excesse;
 So few friends love best, when more, love lesse.
 Friendship like Gold, too thin when beaten forth,
 Becomes lesse active, weakens in the worth.
 As Dice though white, their foule spots cannot lack:
 So friends, in friends, must wink at faults though
 They must again nor slye Bar-cater-treyes, (black,
 Nor Fullomes be, to win thy wicked wayes;
 But fairely run, be quadrat, and sincere,
 And still the same; sway'd nor by hope, nor fear.
 As Sice-ace throw'n are friends still as before,
 So friends though rich, must still love friends though
 This world to no such certainty advances, (poor,
 But there may come a cast may chang their chances;
 They mnst conclude their state here like the Dice,
 Where now the Sice is Ace, now Ace the Sice:
 And thus the deadliest Drug, and justly hated,
 May yet turne cordiall, if but calcinated,

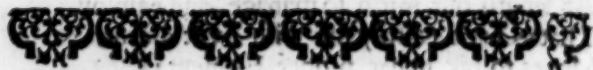
*Customs discarded.*

VVe are at play, and Gamesters till our grave:
 Our Saints, and Sabaths, are like *Queens* an
 The rest with *Martha*, do but many things: (*King*)
 Only our Wakes, and Markets, play the knaves.
 Time is the pack, our dayes are severall cards,
 And Custome a groome-porter voyd of shame,
 A reverend hoary Rook (forsooth) awards,
 That his Tradition must command our game.
 Custome (I say) more gray by far than wise,
 Thus cheats us in our play my lovely deare:
 But let us captive be at length, and beare
 Room of this current, crossing common guise.
 Let us at length our Sabaths so dispend,
 That piercing farther then the formall skin
 Of shifting suits, and Linnen; they contend
 To be Religious, glorious eke within.
 At length our mirth so manage, and employ,
 That as each earthly fire with swift ascent,
 Moves to his upper proper Element:
 This also may relate to heavenly joy.
 Let not our ballance, not our bargaines, know

Or knave, or false five-finger; to divine
 Of wealth by these attain'd, it melts like snow:
 Leaving the place all dirt, where it has lyen.
 Let us each card, even every common day,
 So cautively dispose, that all our weeks,
 Abound with sacred *Mumivalls* and *Gleeks*,
 So dearest wee shall purchase by our play
 And though convicious custome, seeks to cheat,
 And sily rook it, win both game and set.



of





Of Affliction.

THe Crosse is both a step dame, and a mother;
 Some men it kills, and some againe it cures:
 Like fire it some consumes, it purges other;
 Full often ill, and well full oft enures.
 A righteous man that does affliction meet,
 Moulds into his soyle, gives fairer fire;
 Makes it his rise, his wing to help him higher;
 So Spices when most beaten, are most sweet.
 Again, the rustling height of weaker soules,
 It tempers sweetly; cuts the combe of pride,
 That else would soon be perking; only fooles
 Are still the same in many a Mortar bray'd:
 And by such iron pestles, as will grind
 Them small at length, as dust before the wind.

Funerall



Funerall Teares.

I Had my tother halfe, and 'twas as white
 As Miniver, or Snow, before it light
 Vpon the ground; so neate in every part,
 And then withall chareffing to my heart,
 That now I neither envy'd *Crassus* gold,
 Nor *Cossus* garlands; with so manyfold
 Importancies enabling me, that now
 I had a paire of hearts, my hands but two,
 Were multiply'd to foure, likewise my feet,
 Such *Alter-Idem* turning; of so knit
 Commist a fellow-feeling, no disease,
 Could either fingle toe, or finger seise;
 But all were sufferers. Then could I vant
 Of likewise doubly five concomitant,
 As brisk, and active fences; nay my soule
 So doubled was, and in a word, even all
 My trim at large, that now I could discourse,
 Vrge *pro* and *con*, communicate, converse,
 All with my double selfe; nor knew the fell
 Extent of solitude. Even strange to tell,
 I now so clung an *Individuum* was,
 So fix at home, and yet so bivious
 At the same time, and far abroad; that now,
 While ranging with my hounds, or with my plough,
 In

In the circumference; yet was I still
 At home upon my center; could be while
 At * *Popes*, likewise at *Paris*. To proceed,
 So beneficiall was my being ty'd
 In *Hymens* rosie bands, that now my hope
 Was propagation, and the rearing up
 A Tree of such Descendents; so repleat
 With commendable fruit, as should relate
 My Name beyond mine Urne. Lothis the trance,
 The whilome portion, did so high advance,
 Damask and dresse my cup; thus was I clad,
 In gold and scarlet. but now sit full sad
 Vpon the Dung-hill; death implacable,
 Has with the sorowes of unhappy fable
 So roughly hamper'd me; that my recruits,
 Conspicuous increments, and double sutes,
 Being deducted; now I dwindled am
 To poore againe, and single; to become
 Halfe under ground; where rest thy selfe in peace,
 My dearest tother part; ô rest, and cease
 From all thy terrene labours, with a guard
 Of blessed Angels, keeping watch and ward,
 About thee constantly; and when my pulse
 (So wound up in the wombe, by that excelsse
 Celestiall Architect,) the tale has run
 Of minutes here in charge; has fully spun
 Of *Clothoes* Distaffe; be my reliques lay'd,
 So neere to thine, that wither'd when, and dry'd,
 From moyst and viscuous; even our crumbling dust,
 May blend promiscuously: till when the just
 Shine as the Firmament, and having turn'd

* The name of
 my Mansion
 house.

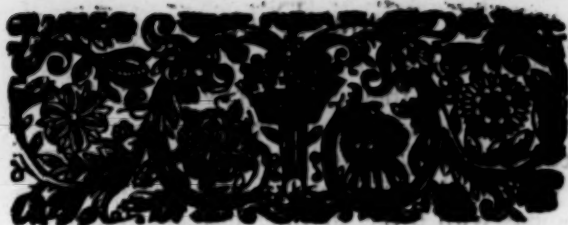
Q

Many

Many to righteouſneſſe, are as adorned,
As glorious as the ſtars; we riſe anew,
(By that omnipotence that can ſubdue
All things unto it ſelfe) as heretofore,
And ere our love diſſeuer'd; rendring ſtore
Of humble and eternall praiſe, to him
That ſits upon the Throne, and to the Lambe.

A





A
MEDITATION
UPON
The Decease of those truly
Noble LORDS
under-named.

SO so, let *Babel*, *Edom*, shoot like those
In Harvest at our losse; with mocks and mowes,
Tell it in *Gath*; thus adding deep, to deep,
Wormwood to bitternesse; yet God will keep
His darling from the Dog, can out of stones
Raife *Abraham* children. he that interpones
So for his Church, though *Dorset*, *Hamilton*,
Southampton, *Oxford*, and *Belfast*, be gone
The way of flesh and blood, will sooner yet
His covenant with day and night forget,

Q

Then

Anne-Dicata.

Then file to *Sion*, not the squallidest
 sea-monsters, but they gently draw the breast,
 suckling their young; or if a mother can
 Forget her child; yet God is love in graine;
 Will vindicate his Turtle-Dove, nay, cover
 Her wings with silver, and her feathers over
 With yellow Gold, Nor *Babell* be so perk,
 At some thus of the Temples carved work,
 For sinne deducted us; we but with rods,
 Thou shalt be whipt with Scorpions; and in Gods
 Right hand there is a cup, the dregs whereof
 Shall be thy portion; *Ahabs* Ivory roo'e,
 And even the (a) *Tyrian* Turrets, built so high,
 That Eagles at a lower randome fly,
 And the *Goliath's* there in Sentinell,
 Are lessen'd even to (a) *Gammadims*; must feele
 His line of vengeance, who could so divide
 Our *Succoth*, meet our *Schechem*: and ô ride
 On prosperously, thou fairer far then men;
 Girding thy sword thus, for thy right hand, then
 Shall teach thee terrible things; shal thresh the horns
 Of our fierce Bullocks, rabbid Vnicornes,
 Like Wheat of *Madmanah*. Ride on, ride on,
 Strengthening the feeble knees, and every bone,
 That thou hast broken; still they shake the head,
 Cry so so would we have it, eat like bread
 Thy people up; and then the late deace
 Of these heroick Lords, diruted has
 As many of our Barres, has made our breach
 More desperate; ô be gracious then, and reach
 Thy soveraigne flaggons; let no clouds returne

After

After the raine; and for the stakes out-worn
 Thus in the service of thy Tabernacle,
 Distribute thousands; Blesse, ô blesse the tackle
 Of thy poor labouring Ark, and crown her toyle,
 With *Arrarat*, and her high places; while
 Our mighty Hunters, despicably melt
 Like fat of Lambs, or be like water spilt,
 Nor to be gathered up againe; else will
 Thine enemies blaspheme, upbrayding still
 The promise of his coming; I, and say
 To day shall jove it, as did yesterday,
 And in far greater measure; bow thine eare,
 Thou good and glorious Cherub-rider, heare,
 And answer us; how long? how long ô Lord?
 O bare thine arme again, and draw thy sword.

And the river, and the lake, and the
 Thus in the center of the world
 I find the world, and the world is
 Ours, and the world is ours, and the
 With the world, and the world is
 Our mighty power, and the world is
 I find the world, and the world is
 For to be the world is the world
 The world is the world, and the world
 To the world, and the world is
 And in the world, and the world is
 Then good and the world is the world
 And mine, and the world is the world
 O the world, and the world is the world



A

RELATION

Of the Tempest dispersing us in the Bay of BISCAY, at our unfortunate Voyage towards *Gales Males, An. 1625.*

THe generall hemisphere was thick, was all
In fullen ash-colour, when straight a shoale
Of ominous Pork-pisces, drove through the fleet,
And the fierce Ruffin Boreas, swore it meet,
Each saile should strike; owning th' Atlantick main
Like wife in soveraignty: then issued rain,
The wind grew ~~st~~ rous, sea began to roare

R

Like

*for his
boy*

Annæ-Dicata.

Like a lug'd monster, to disclose a sowre
 Outragious surface; and where other nights,
 The mantling billow shone but Chrysolites;
 But sole with spangs and gliding lights, enchas'd
 The gentler wave: now as an army vast,
 About us quarter'd lay, our generall ken
 Was full of horrid fire; the fretfull brine,
 Vpon a thousand mountains, far and neare,
 Like burning Becons hung; and every where
 So much combustion, that benevolent
 (a) *Cymodoce*, for very anguish, rent
 Her sea-green haire; nor any (b) *Phocæ* wild,
 No savadgest (b) *Amphibium*, but impell'd
 With horror, fled a shore: no boysterous Whale,
 Incorrigible (d) *Orke*, or other fell
 (a) *Phiontides*; but now they shot for dread
 Into the bottome owse. O who may read
 What various bedlamry, what worlds of woe,
 A storme imposes; to the deep below
 Our ships were thrown, and then againe, so soon
 So high, as if the same (f) Birth with the Moon
 To have, or glorious (g) *Argo*. But observe
 In earth-quake, how the strongest buildings sweive,
 Totter, cast fire-brands, and all their loose
 Vtensils, round promiscuously; loe thus
 Did our poore Fleet so (h) feeble on, that throughout
 The decks all stowage, with our selves to boot,
 From side to side in medley flew: and even
 So was the great *Annæ* Royall likewise driven
 Amid the frantick waves, to roule and reele,

And

a A Poeticall
 Sea-nymph, so
 named, a pla-
 cundis fluctibus.

b Sea-calves.

c *Vide fol.*

d A horrible
 fish, enemy to
 the Whale, so
 called, as *Miu-*
ssæu sayes, ab

Orcadibus insu-
lis ubi maxime
vivunt.

e Such creatures
 as nature hath
 made deadly
 euemies each
 to other.

f Sea-men cal
 the place where
 a ship rides or
 layles, her birth.

g *Jasons* ship,
 after made a
 constellation.

h The Sea-term
 for reeling and
 swaying up and
 down.

Annæ-Dicata.

321

And tosse, and tumble up her mighty keele,
That parcell of her (i)brazen bandogs, broke
Through all their tyes; and but with mutual shock,
Poyssing each other; like the Vipers young,
(Turn'd into paricids,) had split her strong
And massie ribs. Nor could the rest but mourne
Like infortunities; our long-boats, torne
From their big (k) *Hawfers*, rudely handied were
By waves, and monsters; for the (l) Catches there,
Some could Sea-mewes, make a shift to live
In this combustion: other some, declive
And broken wayes not brooking, over-wrought,
And fiercely swalowd were. our (m) *Prams* distraught,
Cuff'd up and down, and rack'd with severall seas
Both fore (n) and aft; were driven to lose, and leaze
Their lading, with the wilder Hypotams.
Nay yet more fatal, opening al her seams,
The poor *long-Robert* founder'd was, gaue o're,
Sunk in the weathers stresse; and now what more
Can (o) *Fisher*, *Hacket*, *Gerling*, but attend
While the sea yeelds her dead? that I transcend
Expençe of (p) trim, and shipping, lo this storme
How grown, yet wrought a further; and the worrne

i Two pieces
of Ordinance
broke loose in
her Gun-room,
but by inter-
shocking, and
so poyssing each
other, remoun-
ted without
further danger.
The Rops
wherewith they
were towed;

perhaps deriv'd from *Hauis*, or else rather named *Halseis*, and issuing from *Halen* in Dutch to draw. Little vessels which attend as pages upon the greater ships, and perhaps so named, because better making use of any wind, and catching it to their advantage. VVe borrow this from the Nether ands, where it is called as much as *Scapha*, a ship-boat a Canowe; but use it improperly for a Horse-boat. The Sea-phraze for before and after the mast. These three Cadains wre swal- low'd in her. A ship is then in her trim, when furnished with al other requisits proportionable to her burthen.

R 2

Of

q In the star-board language, fals from his course.

r The suddain & furious tempests about the West-Indies are thus named.

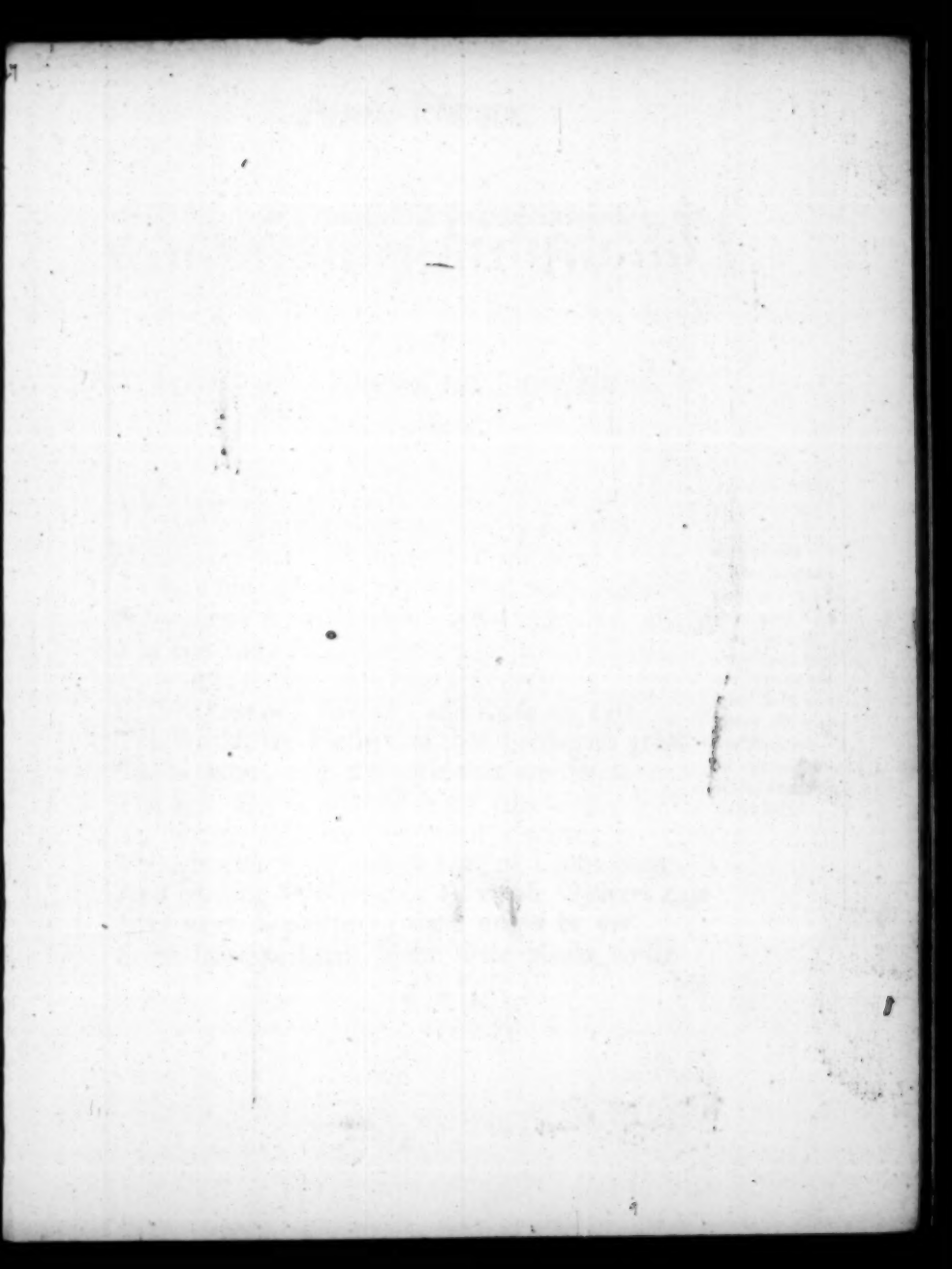
s I was informed of one amongst us, so perplexed with the storm, that he voluntarily acknowledged himself guilty of parricide.

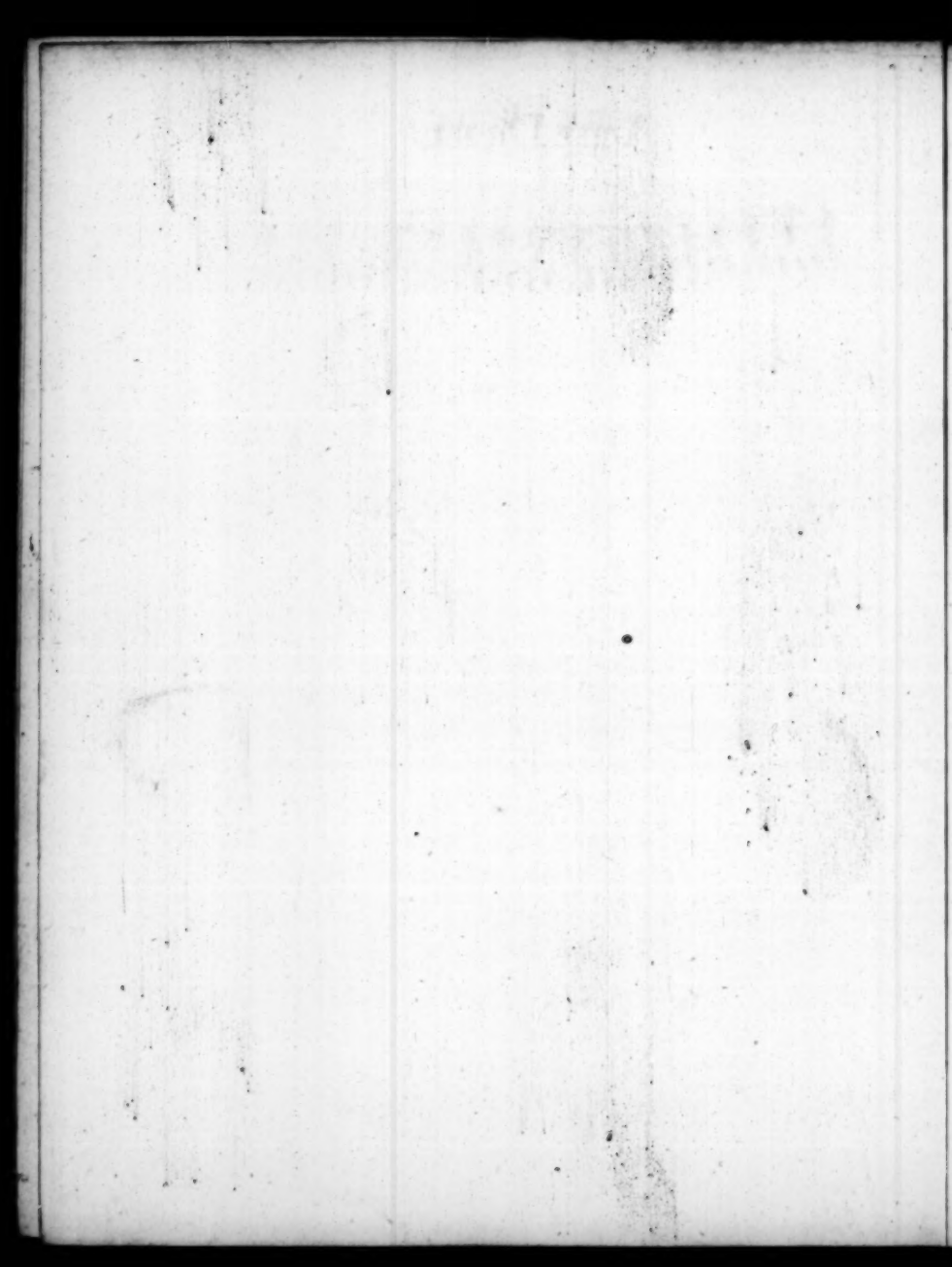
Of conscience startled so, that who while ere
 With all his canvase out, could snugly beare
 Vp an ill-boading course, now springs his (q) luffe;
 Cries guilily Lord, and pardon; coats of buffe,
 High temper'd corsets, are too weake to ward
 The worme of conscience; and how galliard
Luxurio lately was, yet now he lowes
 His saile close to the board; now humbly throwes
 Off *Liviaes* haire, and his *Corinna's* ring,
 To leeward over, wisely husbanding
 Oyle to his lampe; now as the righteous dye,
 Likewise will he. so horrid was and high,
 This spiritual (r) *Fura-cane*; that on his lees,
 Though fell (s) *Bassianus* for a time may freeze,
 And seeme to settle; here he turnes againe
 Thick, and bemudder'd; like the clamorous maine,
 Casting up stones and dirt: his saeces boyle
 Vp now for vent, making him perbrake vile
 Prodigious sins. This was the storme, thus great,
 Thus ruthlesse, double thus, nor to be beat
 Out, but in many an houre; thus went we down
 To sea in ships, had businesse upon
 Great waters, saw the wonders of the deep;
 And thus againe, though *Baal* perhaps may sleep,
 Or seriously be talking, nor discern
 His distant contumacious; yet we learne
 That God is omni-present, has his way
 Even in the while-wind, in the furious sea;
 In even the toughest conscience: and how sure
 A *Fonas* in the cradle of secure

Apostacy be lull'd, though even his bed
Of the most curious thistle-down be made,
Or that of silver Swans, yet if the faire
Tindaridè, shall with a civill war
Imbroyle the shrouds, and (†) *Hellen* chasing thence
Her brothers of beningner influence,
Vnkennels al the winter winds, and billowes;
Mauger the softest lullabies, and pillowes,
He wakes, and finds his cradle now at last,
Far worse then that, upon the topsing mast.

† This kind of
blaze skipping
by night amōg
the rackling, is
in French
Furole; com-
ming single, it
was thought to

be castor, and a dangerous Omen; when double, castor and Pollux, badge of *Saint Pauls* ship. *Acts* 27. 11. and very auspicious: if there sallied a third light, this was held to be *Helen*, as fatal as ever, and prognosticating extremity of weather; the first two are now named *S. Nicholas* and *S. Hermes*.





Annæ-Dicata.



THE *Hedge-hog combatant, presented, and applyed.*

WHEN I survey (poore wretch) thy severall foes,
Me thinks it does pathetic'ly disclose
Mine owne Militia; for with open Mart,
As man pursues thee, as the Fox with Art,
Allayes thy martiall furie, falsly licks
Thy life away; and Serpent also seeks
It as implacably: Loe thus conspire
Both *Ammon*, *Ameleck*, and those of *Tyre*.
The world, the Flesh, and that prodigious great
Red Dragon, with his tayle that can defeat
The very Stars; so these I say concurre
To slay my silly soule: were it a warre,
Though with some such as hungry Lyons wage,
And evening Wolves, or all whose Quivers rage
Like open Sepulchers; there might be yet
Some hope perhaps, some little planke to set

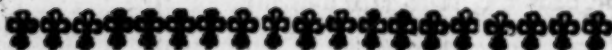
Though he be
in his round
posture, and
with all his
Pipes charged;
yet (as *Topfall*
relates it) The
Fox finding
some little ac-
cesse about his
face, licks him
there, till with
the Batterie
he opens him-
selfe, and then
seizes him.

(* *) I

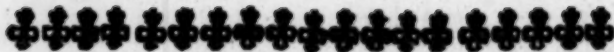
Me

Annæ-Dicata.

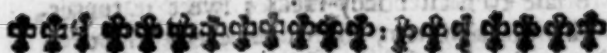
Me safe even after shipwrack : But to grapple,
And intershock am I with him, whose apple
Defeated *Eve* her selfe ; I daily cope
With many a horrid Squadron, many a troope
Of fierce and fiery Darts, that charge me home,
And often through : Alas wretch that I am !
Where shall I seeke for succour ? who can stave
This roaring rabble off ? ô helpe, and save,
Thou God of Battailes ; else am I but built
Upon the sillie sand, but water spilt.



Of



Annæ-Dicata.



Of Drunkenesse.

AS Willoughs noted so for tripling Trees,
Are barren, and but badges of disgrace;
As Fennes and Marshes, yeeld but nipping flies,
But venomous fogges, and reptil's, had and base:

Loe thus the boundlesse Independent shot,
Begets as sundry formes, and oft as vile;
As *Phabus* does, when with embraces hot,
He beds the moist salacious mud of *Nyle*.

It changes some to Struthions, and as those
Forget their egges, their actions so doe theses;
Demanding when they wake, how came the blowes,
What have we done, they should our weapons seise?

Some men it does to mimick anticks foole;
Change some to subtile Foxes, that imploy
Their cups as Crucibles, wherein to boyle,
To sublimate a skill, to cosen by.

Some for obstreperous Geese it does designe.
Fills some with such Salt-Peter, that disputing
Of but some haire, or Mathematicke line,
They take immediate fire, with blood confuting.

Annæ-Dicata.

Some to such honey-suckles sweet it turnes,
With often vowes, that about every wight
They twine themselves. And some with lust so burns,
They deeme each dirtie cloud, a *lune* bright.

Nay, yet againe, and further, some it fuddles,
To sencelesse Conduits, onely fit to pisse,
And to bee piss'd against: To Monsters, puddles,
And Statues many, quadrat but for this.

Loc, *Pythagore*; loe here the transmigration,
Thou might'st have dreamt of, for with brutish soules
It thus imbroyles us: Oakes of most elation,
With many blowes fall; Reason so with bowles.

Up then yee base *Borachios*, call excesse,
But an insidious *Citrè*, but presaging
A brutish transformation, even no lesse
Then in the soule it selfe, and thus engaging
Her everlasting blisse: Up keep a dyot;
Does ought kill soule and body both? yes, ryot.

The

Anna-Dicata.

The Widdowes Warning.

BE wise, and take no churlish Clowne,
Nor blend with flocks, thy Thistle-down
Chuse not for our-side, shun each lover
But golden Ludgate-like, in cover.
The Ruffin that can sweare and swell,
And covenant with death and-hell,
Preferre not : nor the Fox that preyes
In covert, and in broken wayes.
Chuse not for wealth, where other things
But passant are ; yet this has wings.
Nor any peece of Bombaste chuse,
That with his Place, and Title sues ;
Taking herein the greater care,
Because they now are chapmans ware.
Take not a Husband by report ;
Examine first his head, his heart,
His Conscience, pierce him to the Lees ;
Marke how each joynt of his agrees,
And jumps with thine ; for if they vary,
The Priest that does your bodies marry,
But glewes a Potsheard. In a word,
If thou canst marrow with a Bird
Of thine owne feather, one whose wars
Spirituell be, whose aime is stars ;

Whose

Annæ-Dicata.

Whose neatly timber'd limbes are lin'd,
With as polite, as rich a mind:

This is the wight, and haste thee *Iane*,
To yeeld him back his Rib againe.



An Epitaph of Mrs Prudence Meredith, a good soule, in a defective body.

IN an uneasie roome her soule was pent,
And had (while heere) a hard imprisonment
Within the Body; nor could *Prudens*, but
Rejoyce to leave her little crumpled knot
Of flesh and bloud, that narrow jayle of hers;
For such a relaxation, as inferrs
Likewise at last, another kind of new
Spiritual Body, beautified with trew,
With precious Liniments; and of privation,
Of hunger, sicknesse, death, and mutilation
Impassible; I say she could not choose
In faith and reason, but avouch her woos
Now at an end; But chearely leave her breath;
And thus had *Meredith*, a merry death.

Annæ-Dicata.



A farewell to the Wars.

DIsloyall flesh and bloud, how has the Sun
Both his direct, and oblique hitching course,
Full often through the heavenly girdle run,
Since our so plighted love, that nought could force,
Or puzzle it; and dost thou now deceive me?
Now at the Qu, the clinke of honour leave me?

Our *Mars*, in rust and darknesse lately shut,
Yet now upon the glorious wings of Fame,
Pitches his Tent; Our bravest spirits, put
Now for the Goale of honour; to be lame
And crasie now, while medalls, double payes,
Victorious Belts, and Crowns, shall others rayse,

Is this the troth of friends? but then againe;
What chemicall extraction, reach of Art,
May limit nature? and with such a traine
Of weaknings, does our age it selfe impart;
Such Palsies, Cramps, Ciaticks, and Catars,
It baffles action, wars even with the wars.

Submit

Annae Dicata.

Submit we then, the Moon her empty lap
Again enlightens, and our Winter trees
Have yet another rising of the sap;
But man when once declining, by degrees,
By peece-meale drucken, droop, and dwindle must,
Till he be crumbled to his farall dust.

The first tooth that he drawes, denounces him
For past his best, and nor a sinew strain'd,
Or ligament, or humour out of trim,
But so produces age; that lastly main'd
In all his structure, warping in his tyes,
And severall nailes, he druckens hence, and dyes.

Submit we then I say, the Corset quitting,
For a retir'd Sedentary course:
Now not the Pike, the Pen is rather fitting;
* The feathers, not the ground; you brood of *Mars*
On still & thrive, while thus the mouldering stayers
Of age, advise and lead me to my prayers.

* This alludes
to the French
Proverbe,
*Quiter le
plume par dor-
mir sur le dur.*

FINIS.



O F
P R A Y E R

THE most pathetick richest language, chosen
To hang in eares of Emperours, and Kings,
Is but a tinkling Cymball, does but cosen
The fancy for a while, and then has wings :
Prayer heaped up, and over does reply,
When other words, but drop, and droop, and dyc:

All other words retayle but Saffron ware,
Are of an impotent, a clamorous sound;
But doe-littles, but petty Chapmen are,
And Petty-foggers : Whereas Prayer is found
The Staple-Merchant, prosecuting even
A Trade in grosse, by whole-sale, and for heaven.

'Tis of such efficac'e, and with such store
Of Sacred pertinacy wrestles so,

R 2

[Like

Annæ-Dicata.

Like zealous *Jacob*, that it gives not o're,
 But being blest; without it lets not goe :
 Prayer faith, faith *Christ*, *Christ* heaven to us demises,
 And thus the *Climax* of our joyes arises.

Prayer forces all the peremptory chaines
 Of nature, all her gates, how Marble hard ;
 Can raise the dead, make Iron swimme, detaines
 The Sun himselfe : and like a Gyant cheer'd
 With Wine, though pressing on ; has made him stay,
 A never knowne before, a double day.

Who then will happy live, and blest expire,
 Both soule, and body, Temple-like imployes ;
 His Altar is his Heart, his Zeale the Fire ;
 His Soule the Priest, and Prayer the Sacrifice :
 Nor is it Bullocks having hornes and hooves ;
 But calvelings of the Lips, that God approves.

Up therefore Reader, let thy spirit feast
 It selfe with often Prayer ; submissely fall,
 And like a *Daniel*, thrice a day at least,
 Thus fate thy soule ; or rather like a *Paul*,
 Be praying alwayes ; 'tis celestially meat :
 Up therefore Reader, therefore up and eate.

Another



ANOTHER.

Looke as a Beggar by the high-ways side,
 Some little childe does in her bosome take,
 Hoping though she her selfe may be deny'd,
 Yet to get something for the Infants sake;
 And as *Themistocles*, when having done
Admetus much displeasure, many harmes;
 Sought not for grace, but having first his Son,
 His onely Son, infolded in his armes:
 So when thou prayest, bring but thy Jesus by thee,
 This Babe, this Son; & God will nere deny thee.

PARER



PAR ERGON.

a Or the *secundine*, when-
in the child is
wrapt while in
the wombe.
b A kind of Se-
pulchral stone,
in short time
consuming the
body inclosed.
c This differs
from a square
by having the
angles of it in-
direct; when
the side-angles
are lesse exten-
ded than the
rest, and still
shorter; 'tis a
fulfil, or splin-
dle.

AND now my little Book, my little Birth,
A I know not how thou cam'st into my womb;
 Some other agent surely brought thee forth,
 Between thy knees; or else thy (*a Shilo*) some
 (*b Sarcophagus*) had turn'd, and to thy tombe.
 If ought within thee, be reputed worth
 The name of square; yet I am but a (*c*) Rhombe,
 But a poore fusill; and must waive the Bayes:
 Giving to Heaven; to God alone the praise.

G. T.

FINIS.



